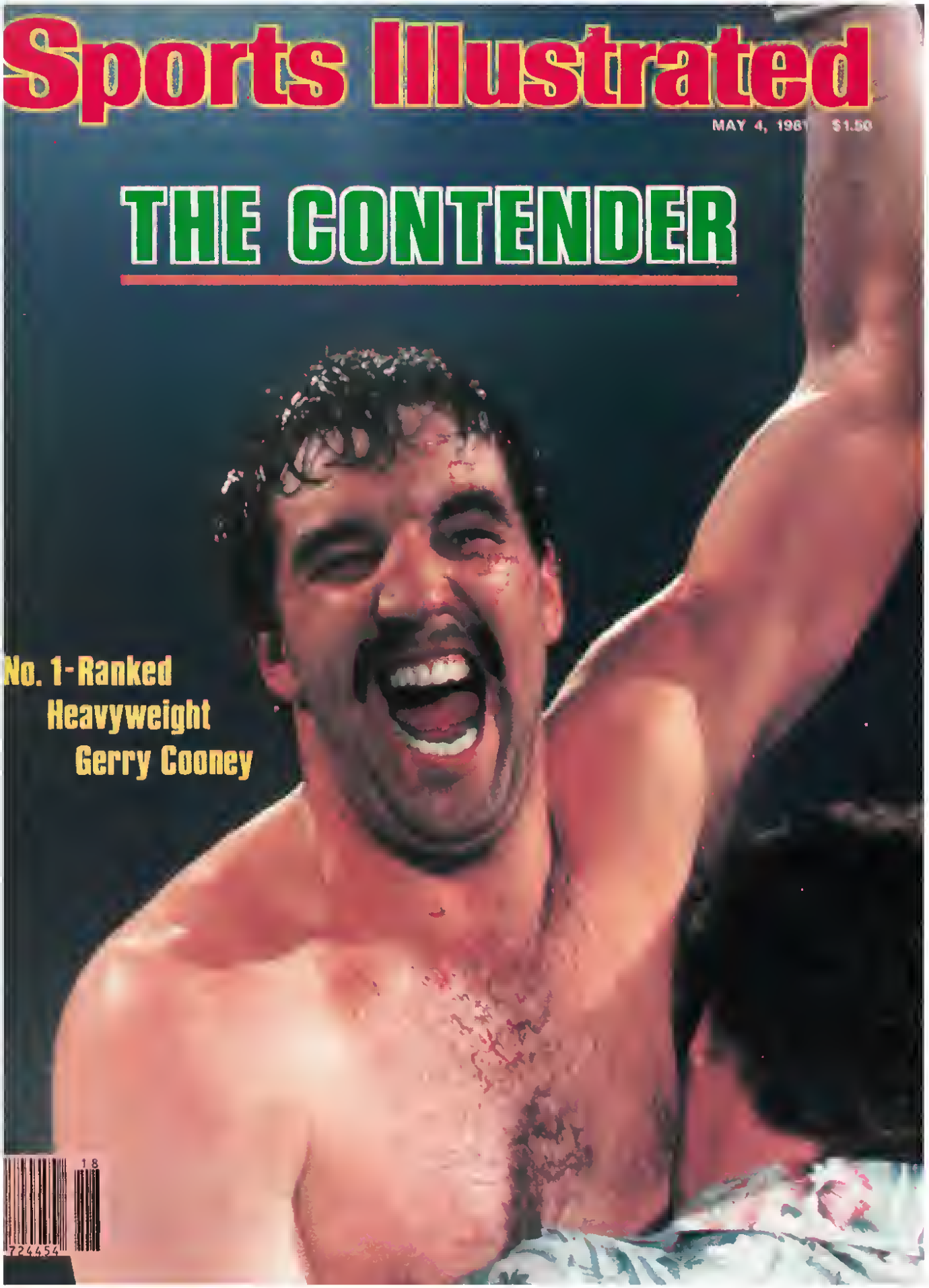
Sports Illustrated
MAY 4, 1981 $1.50

THE CONTENDER



No. 1-Ranked
Heavyweight
Gerry Cooney

There are over 3000 imported whiskies in America. Only one can be the best-seller.
That's V.O.
There's a reason why.

Taste!



More V.O. is bought than any other imported distilled spirit in America. More than any Scotch, Canadian, Rum, Gin, Vodka, Tequila. You name it. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

V.O.

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

Carlton is lowest.



Box or Menthol:

10 packs of Carlton have less tar than 1 pack of...

	Tar mg /cig.	Nicotine mg /cig
Kent	11	0.9
Kool	16	1.3
Marlboro Lights	12	0 8
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Virginia Slims	16	1.0

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg /cig.
Benson & Hedges Lights 100's	11	0.8
Pall Mall Light 100's	10	0.8
Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1

Carlton Box—lowest of all brands.

Less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic. Carlton Menthol—Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Picking options for your new car?

Don't forget Ford's Ultimate Option. The only one that could pay for itself.

FORD'S ULTIMATE OPTION—E.S.P.

EXTENDED SERVICE PLAN

Ford Motor Company's Extended Service Plan is designed to offer you long-term protection against rising service costs.

"How long is long-term protection?"
Just about as long as you want. There are three plans to choose from. You can purchase a maximum coverage plan of 3 years/36,000 miles or 5 years/50,000 miles. The third plan is the power train plan of 5 years/50,000 miles.

"Protection on what?"
Protection against the cost of major repair bills on your Ford-built car or light truck. Your Dealer can give you specific information about each plan.

"How does E.S.P. work?"
You pay just a $25 deductible per repair visit under either of the two maximum coverage plans, or $50 under the power train plan regardless of the cost of all labor and parts needed.

"What if they tie up my car?"
If your car needs to be kept overnight for repair under the original new vehicle warranty or the repair of E.S.P.-covered components thereafter, you're provided a rental car reimbursement allowance of up to $15 per day (excluding mileage) for up to five days.

"What if I sell my car while it's still covered?"
For a small fee, the remaining coverage is transferable to the new owner. This can be a strong selling point.

"Suppose I'm out of town..."
The Ford Extended Service Plan is the one and only plan that's honored by more than 6400 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Dealers throughout the U.S. and Canada. That can mean real peace of mind wherever you are.

"Okay...but is it expensive?"
The cost of E.S.P. is surprisingly low. And it can be added to your monthly payment if you finance your new vehicle. When you consider the low cost of protection on your initial investment, and how long you'll probably keep your car, it just makes good sense to consider Ford's Ultimate Option. E.S.P.



Ask for the Ford Extended Service Plan by name. It's backed by Ford Motor Company.

Founder: Henry R Luce 1898–1967
Editor-in-Chief: Henry Anatole Grunwald
President: J Richard Munro
Chairman of the Board: Ralph P Davidson
Executive Vice President: Clifford J Grum
Chairman, Executive Committee: James R Shepley
Editorial Director: Ralph Graves
Group Vice President, Magazines: Kelso F Sutton
Vice Chairmen: Arthur Temple

Managing Editor: Gilbert Rogin
Assistant Managing Editors: Kenneth Rudeen Peter Carry Mark Mulvoy

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Assistant to the Managing Editor: Mervin D Hyman

Articles Editor: Robert W Creamer

Senior Editors: Bob Brown Larry F Keith Jerry Kirshenbaum Barbara La Fontaine Julia Lamb Scot Leavitt Joe Marshall

Senior Writers: Walter Bingham Robert H Boyle Frank Deford Ron Fimrite Dan Jenkins William Oscar Johnson Ray Kennedy Curry Kirkpatrick William Leggett Kenny Moore *Bob Ottum Coles Phinizy John Underwood*

Associate Writers: Clive Gammon Douglas S Looney Barry McDermott William Nack Sarah Pileggi Pat Putnam Paul Zimmerman

Associate Editors: Julie Campbell, Gay Flood Linda R Verigan M R Weiner

Staff Writers: Anthony Cotton Michael DelNagro Jim Kaplan Dan Levin Jack McCallum Sam Moses Bruce Newman John Papanek E M Swift Herman Weiskopf Steve Wulf

Picture Editor: John Dominis

Production Manager: Gene W Ulrich

Chief of Research: Linda-Ann Mersch

Photography: Barbara Henckel (DEPUTY PICTURE EDITOR) Louis Capozzola Don DeLiberti Anthony Donna Steven Fine Kevin Fitzgerald Laurel Frankel Theodore Stephney Robert W Taylor

Photographers: STAFF Jerry Cooke John Iacono Walter Iooss Jr Heinz Kluetmeier Manny Millan Lane Stewart Tony Triolo CONTRIBUTING Rich Clarkson William Eppridge, Stephen Green Armytage Andy Hayt Paul Kennedy Richard Meckson Peter Read Miller Herb Scharfman Eric Schweikardt George Tiedemann Tony Tomsic John G Zimmerman

Writer-Reporters: Kathy Blumenstock D Alexandra Stathoplos Anita Verschoth

Senior Reporters. Rose Mary Mechem Paula Phelps Denise Rogers Constance Tubbs

Reporters: Roger Jackson (DEPUTY) Craig Neff (ASSISTANT), Wilmer Ames, Bruce Anderson Kathleen Andrie Jane E Bachman N Brooks Clark Bill Colson Roy S Johnson Franz Lidz, Angel Reyes, Margaret Sieck, Robert Sullivan Lee Watson Alexander Wolff

Art Department: Harvey Grut (DEPUTY DIRECTOR) Richard Weiner (ASSISTANT DIRECTOR) Pamela Fortson Lawrance R Gendron, Joseph T Kalman, T Thurston Martin Linda Schwarz, Catharine Smolich

Copy Desk: Betty DeMeester (CHIEF) Iris Ivers (DEPUTY) Lawrence Cannistraci Edward B Clarke Madeleine Edmondson Barbara W Murray, Catherine Ogilvie Sylvia Staub Robert H Williams

Production: George Infante (DEPUTY MANAGER) Richard Colen Pieter C Muuse Kenneth Tomten

Special Contributors: Tom Archdeacon Michael Baughman Bil Gilbert Robert F Jones George Plimpton, Jeremiah Tax Rick Telander Jonathan Yardley

Special Correspondents: Elesnora Milosovic (CHIEF) *Anchorage* Frank Gerjevic *Atlanta* Norman Arey *Austin* Jimmy Banks *Baltimore* Joe D'Ademo *Baton Rouge* Dan Hardesty *Birmingham* Jimmy Bryan *Boston*, Leo Monahan *Buffalo*, Dick Johnston *Carson City* Guy Shipler Jr *Charlotte* Ronald Green *Chicago* Ray Sons *Cincinnati*, Jim Schottelkotte *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton *Columbus*, Kaye Kessler *Dallas*, Steve Perkins *Denver* Frank Hareway *Des Moines*, Bob Asbille, *Detroit*, Jerry Green *Greensboro*, Smith Barrier *Harrisburg* John Travers *Honolulu*, Jim Richardson, *Houston*, Jack Gallagher *Indianapolis*, Dick Denny *Jacksonville*, Bill Kastelz *Kansas City* Theodore O'Leary *Knoxville*, Ban Byrd *Lexington* Ed Ashford *Little Rock* Orville Henry *London*, Lavinia Scott Elliot *Los Angeles*, Jack Tobin *Louisville* William F Reed *Memphis*, Norman McCoy *Miami* Charlie Nobles *Milwaukee* Bob Wolf *Minneapolis*, Dick Gordon *Montreal* George Hanson *Nashville* Max York, *New Haven* Bill Guthrie *New Orleans*, Peter Finney *Oklahoma City* Harold Sales *Omaha* Hollis Limprecht *Philadelphia* Gordon Forbes *Phoenix* Frank Gianelli *Pittsburgh* Pat Livingston *Portland*, Ken Wheeler *Providence* John Henlon *Roanoke* Bill Brill *Salt Lake City* George Ferguson *San Antonio* Ray Evans, *San Diego* Bill Center *San Francisco*, Art Rosenbaum *San Juan*, Fred Rehm *Seattle* Emmett Watson *South Bend*, Joe Doyle *Spartanburg*, Lesha Timms *St Louis*, Neal Russo, *Syracuse* Bud Vandel Vear *Tallahassee* Bill McGrothe *Tampa*, Tom McEwen *Toronto*, Rex MacLeod *Vancouver* Brian Lewis *Waco* Dave Campbell *Washington* Martie Zed

Time-Life News Service: Richard L Duncan (CHIEF)

Editorial Services: Christiane Walford (DIRECTOR) George Karas Benjamin Lightman, Carolyn R Pappas Elizabeth G Young

Copy Processing: Michael E Kesne (MANAGER) George J Austen (DEPUTY) David H Logen

Publisher: Philip G Howlett
Associate Publisher & Advertising Sales Director: Donald J Barr
Advertising Sales Manager: James B. Hayes
Business Manager: Robert L. Miller
Circulation Director: Robert D McCoach
Promotion Director: Harry C. Rubicam
Special Events Director: Keith Morris
Enterprises: Thomas C Ettinger

Sports Illustrated

CONTENTS

May 4, 1981 *Volume 54, No. 19*

Cover photograph by Tony Triolo

The Wearin' Down o' the Green 14

Philadelphia up and floored the Celtics to take a commanding 3–1 lead in the best-of-seven Eastern Conference finals **by John Papanek**

To the Greater Glory of Jumbo 20

Villanova's runners honored the late Jumbo Elliott, their Wildcat coach for 46 years, in an apt manner at the Penn Relays **by Jack McCallum**

Epidemic of Fernando Fever 22

Los Angeles is delirious over Fernando Valenzuela, the dazzling rookie lefthander who has three shutouts among his four wins **by Jim Kaplan**

The Tall and the Short of It 30

Ed (Too Tall) Jones has never lived up to the expectations of a public that believes he should be as good as he is big **by Douglas S. Looney**

***It's Money in the Bag* 38**

Caddies for the top players on the PGA tour have discovered that even reflected glory can pay very nice dividends **by Walter Bingham**

Gotcha! Hook, Line and Lingerie 44

Nothing is sacred when John Betts scouts for the synthetics he uses to make his revolutionary artificial flies **by Robert H. Boyle**

Cooney Can't Beat His English Teacher 72

He's dominated everyone he has faced in the ring, but on his frequent trips back to school he meets his match in Mrs. Gorman **by William Nack**

The Departments

Scorecard	9	Boxing	64	19th Hole	92
TV/Radio	54	Hockey	66		
Baseball	58	For the Record	91	*Credits on page 91*	

Next Week

THAT OLD KENTUCKY HOME of America's most prestigious race, Churchill Downs, is bulging with horseflesh; a score of 3-year-olds may Run for the Roses. Bill Neck reports the Kentucky Derby deeds of Proud Appeal, Tap Shoes, et al.

IS THERE LIFE AFTER FISK AND LYNN? The Fenway Park jury is still out on the controversial player changes made by the Boston Red Sox front office in the off-season. Steve Wulf scours the Fens for the facts in this celebrated case

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-822X) is published weekly except semi-weekly during a week in February also two issues combined at year end by Time Inc. 3435 Wilshire Blvd Los Angeles, CA 90010 principal office Rockefeller Ctr N Y N Y 10020 J R Munro President J W Ivwikes Treasurer C.® Bear Secretary Second-class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA. and additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by Post Office Dept Ottawa Canada and for payment of postage in cash U S subscription $39.00 a year POSTMASTER. Send address changes to Sports Illustrated TIME/LIFE Building 541 N Fairbanks Court, Chicago Illinois 60611

© 1981 TIME INC ALL RIGHTS RESERVED REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED IS A REGISTERED MARK OF TIME INCORPORATED



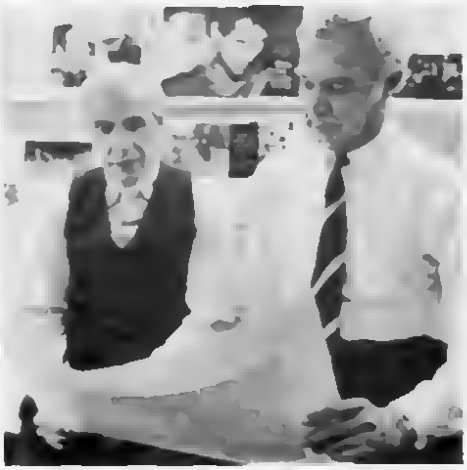
Presenting
CLASSIC BLACK.

Giftworthy, distinctive and traditionally Cross, Classic Black is indeed a gift of quality. A beautiful satin black finish is accented by 22 karat gold electroplate and the Cross mechanical guarantee promises a lifetime of writing pleasure.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

Suggested retail ball pen or pencil $15, soft tip pen $22.50

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ROGIN AND RUDEEN: EYEING A NEW ERA OF SI COLOR

With this issue SPORTS ILLUSTRATED substantially expands its color capability. Every photograph, with the exception of the one above and those illustrating FACES IN THE CROWD, is in full color, a performance we are going to be able to repeat in virtually every issue to follow.

Back in our first-anniversary issue (Aug. 15, 1955), we stated proudly, "It is of historical importance to point out that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is actually a pioneer in color sports photography. From its first issue it has printed a sizable budget of color pages. . . ."

In those days "sizable" meant six to eight pages of what was called "slow" color—pages that had to be sent to the engraver six weeks in advance of publication, with breaking news stories illustrated in black and white. This long lead time not only made it impossible for us to cover each week's big stories in color, but it also left us vulnerable to the unexpected. In late 1955, for example, prominent horseman William Woodward Jr. was shot to death by his wife. We had in the works a color cover of them both, with jockey Eddie Arcaro, but there was enough time to scrap that cover and substitute another one.

Our first "fast-close" cover ran on the July 11, 1960 issue: Jim Beatty winning the 5,000-meter run at the Olympic Trials, on a Friday. By the fall of 1965 accelerated engraving techniques and new press equipment made it possible for us to cover weekend events in color for the issue appearing in the middle of the following week, and we began running two to four pages per issue. Over the years that capability increased; our most recent format offered more pages of editorial color—an average of 26 an issue—than any other national weekly news magazine. Now we will be going to an average of 39 pages.

This move to near-total color represents a very considerable investment, but as Managing Editor Gilbert Rogin observes, "For us, black-and-white photography, at first a necessity, has become an anachronism unless used for special effect." Rogin has pressed long and hard for more color and has agonized over the technical obstacles. "Until now we even have had to illustrate some stories as if the events took place partly in color, partly in black and white," he says. "A patent absurdity."

Assistant Managing Editor Kenneth Rudeen concurs. Rudeen coordinated the discussions among our editorial, publishing and production staffs that culminated in the decision to invest in the additional color. A University of Kansas graduate, Rudeen found himself thinking about his school's mascot during the conferences on color. "If you've ever seen the yellow of the Jayhawk's bill, and the reds and blues of its plumage, you'd hate to settle for a pallid illustration in black and white. The same goes for just about everything in sports."

Philip D. Hoblet



The last-second TD... the crucial RBI... the stunning KO... they're all covered in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

We're right there when it happens. And because we're there, you're there. Reliving that crushing tackle... that scorching ace... that circus catch . reliving all the color, spirit and excitement of your favorite sport. Through SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's vivid photography and fast-paced writing that puts you right in the thick of the action.

Football, baseball, basketball, hockey. Golf, tennis, boxing, skiing, track. We've got them covered. Like no one else.

Use the card to order your subscription or call us toll-free at 800-621-8200. (In Illinois call 800-972-8302.) Today.

Sports Illustrated
IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

WE COVER YOUR FAVORITE SPORT...

Sideline

by ROBERT V. BEHR

IN FEMALE ATHLETICS, THE WOODS ARE FULL OF LADY LIONS AND TIGERETTES

With the results of women's intercollegiate events now sharing the sports pages with the men's, it is important that the proper designations be applied to the female teams. But the distinctions are not always clear.

Teams at women's colleges are not likely to be confused with any male counterparts, e.g., Sweet Briar's "Vixens" leave absolutely no doubt about their sex. But what about women at coed institutions that have long-standing masculine names for their athletic teams? At these bastions of male athleticism many solutions have been attempted, the most common being to place the prefix "Lady" before the traditional male tag. Thus, there are Lady Lions at Penn State, Lady Tigers at LSU, Lady Buckeyes at Ohio State, Lady Gators at Florida, Lady Vols at Tennessee, Lady Bulldogs at Mississippi State, etc. The female of the mascot species is not in favor, perhaps because alumni fathers and mothers might feel uncomfortable about teams called Tigresses, Cows or Bitches. However, there are Lionesses at Paine College in Georgia.

Some schools cling to the traditional male animal, with ludicrous results: Philadelphia Textile refers to its women's teams as Lady Rams. Logic also fails as regards South Carolina's Lady Gamecocks and Motlow State's (Tenn.) Lady Bucks. A Muhlenberg College (Pa.) Mule can be of either sex. But a new name altogether was needed at Delaware, where the men's teams are the Fightin' Blue *Hens*. They tried Blue Chicks for the girls, but the connotations were disturbing. Thus, they turned to Lady Hens, which seems redundant, unless you attend Delaware.

Another sex change was undertaken at Vassar, which is now 43% male. After looking about for a label for the men's teams, Vassar came up with Brewers; it also retoned the old school colors of pink and gray, turning to masculine red and white for uniforms.



ROOM

Want a meaningful relationship? One that won't tie you down? But will always give you something to sing about?

Then consider living with a new Pioneer Personal Stereo. You'll never be subjected to a squeaky little radio when you'd rather have high fidelity.

And with so many different models, you're sure to find th perfect match. Whether it's our top-of-the-line SK-95 with LED monitors and programmable features. Or your very own traveling soap opera, the RK-560 with VHF TV_1 and TV_2 television bands.

At many schools the feminine diminutive suffix "-ettes" is attached to the male label. There are Pitt's Pantherettes, Winston-Salem State's Ramettes, Florida A&M's Rattlerettes, Pace University's (N.Y.) Setterettes, the University of Saskatchewan's Huskiettes, Tougaloo (Miss.) College's Bulldogettes and Mississippi Industrial College's Tigerettes.

"Women" instead of "men" is a comfortable suffix transformation, as seen with Syracuse's Orangewomen, Hofstra's Flying Dutchwomen on Long Island, N.Y., and Nebraska Wesleyan's Plainswomen. However, St. Mary's of Winona, Minn., had Lady Red*men* until two years ago when it renamed its women's teams the Reds. Lady States*men* hold forth at Delta State (Miss.) and William Penn of Iowa.

Pembroke (N.C.) State has a curious tribe of Lady Braves, and, speaking of sexual hangups, how do you explain to the Pope about the Lady Friars at Providence? But no such problem exists at Heidelberg College (Ohio), where the men are (what else?) Student Princes and the women are Student Princesses. Thank you, Sigmund Romberg. And the University of Wyoming has no difficulty when the Cowgirls ride the same sports pages as the Cowboys.

At least four variations on the theme of the Trojan warrior may be found: Troy (Ala.) State has its Lady Trojans, Dakota State its Trojan Women, Virginia State its Trojanettes and Taylor University of Upland, Ind. its unique Trojanes.

Two notable feline variations, the Wayne (Neb.) State Wildkittens and Peru (Neb.) State Bobkittens, have given way to Lady Wildcats and Lady Bobcats, respectively.

A difficult problem exists at dear old Rutgers. Do gender rules permit Lady Scarlet Knights? Well, that would be better than Scarlet Women. Actually, Rutgers calls them Lady Knights. The question remains, do lady letter winners receive scarlet letters?

Perhaps the neatest solution of all comes from Maryland's Salisbury State College, where the men have always been the Sea Gulls. Yes, Ogden Nash, the women are the *She* Gulls.

One final irresistible advertisement of the advent of women's teams, at the University of Puerto Rico at Mayaguez, the Tarzans have been joined by the Janes. **END**



MATES.

You'll hear AM/FM stereo reception so brilliantly clear, you'd swear it was a tape playing.

You'll hear every note that's on your cassette, from the crystalline highs to the thundering lows. Plus you'll be able to program the unit to play only your favorite songs.

The new Pioneer Personal Stereos.

You'll make beautiful music together.

PIONEER

The Best Sound Going.

©1981 Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez Street, Long Beach, CA 90810


J&B. It whispers.
RARE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
JUSTERINI & BROOKS LTD
St. James's Street, London, England
WINE MERCHANTS TO THEIR LATE MAJESTIES
KING GEORGE III
KING GEORGE IV
KING WILLIAM IV
QUEEN VICTORIA
KING EDWARD VII
KING GEORGE V
KING GEORGE VI
J&B
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. ©1981 The Paddington Corp. NY

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A VICTORY FOR KUSH, NOT FOR HIS METHODS

Frank Kush, the deposed Arizona State football coach, has won the $2.2 million lawsuit brought against him by Kevin Rutledge, the former Sun Devil punter who accused Kush of punching him in the face on the sidelines during a game in 1978. On March 20, after hearing conflicting testimony about the incident from eyewitnesses, a Superior Court jury in Phoenix decided by a 5-to-3 vote that Kush hadn't punched Rutledge. Last week it disposed of the remaining issues in the three-month-long trial by holding, also by a 5-to-3 vote, that neither Kush nor Assistant Coach William Maskill had used physical or verbal abuse to run Rutledge off the team. By a 6-to-2 vote the jury cleared the university's regents and President John Schwada of allegations that they had breached Rutledge's scholarship contract and been negligent in overseeing Kush's activities.

The jury's findings added up to a sweet victory for Kush, who had lost his Arizona State job because of charges that he had lied to school officials about the Rutledge incident and had urged assistant coaches to do the same. But Kush's attorney, Warren Platt, wasn't content merely to claim vindication for his client. He also insisted that the results of the case vindicated "athletics in general" and argued that a verdict in favor of Rutledge would have been "a dangerous thing for all collegiate and professional coaches."

Platt may have gotten a little carried away there. Gratifying though it obviously was to Kush and himself, the outcome of the case did nothing to alter some sordid truths about Arizona State's football program that the controversy over Rutledge's lawsuit brought to light. For one thing, the suit helped expose the undue power wielded by the school's booster club, the Sun Angel Foundation, a private organization that proved to be only too willing to use its substantial financial contributions to influence athletic-department policy. Furthermore, Rutledge's suit led to the unearthing of evidence of recruiting violations by Arizona State boosters and coaches, improper benefits to Sun Devil athletes and, most shocking of all, the use of bogus extension-course credits to try to keep football players academically eligible. Because of these transgressions, all of which occurred under Kush, Arizona State forfeited five victories in the 1979 season, was declared ineligible for last season's Pac-10 championship race and was hit with a two-year probation by the NCAA. All of which would appear to represent something other than a triumph for "athletics in general," as Platt put it.

Equally dubious is Platt's intimation that Kush's courtroom victory is one that can somehow be shared by "all collegiate and professional coaches." In his opening statement at the trial, Rutledge's attorney, Robert Hing, called Kush a "sadistic animal," a characterization Hing then sought to justify by eliciting testimony from various witnesses that Kush had struck players with boards, ropes, tree branches and a metal rod, kicked them in the face, insulted and humiliated them in front of teammates, forced them to play while injured and put them through torturous conditioning drills until they were on the verge of collapse. In his own testimony Kush denied that he punched or kicked players but admitted having struck some of them with lengths of rope in "what I would call a fatherly, affectionate tap." He described his disciplinary methods as "kind of a learning process" designed to "eliminate the fear factor." Testifying in Kush's behalf, Herb Brooks, coach of the U.S. Olympic hockey champions, defended the public criticism and physical disciplining of players as forms of "shock therapy" by which one can test an athlete's desire. Similarly, Duffy Daugherty, under whom Kush played football at Michigan State in the early 1950s, said that stern methods were sometimes effective in building team morale. This testimony apparently impressed the jurors, one of whom, 20-year-old Cynthia L. Krayer Shaidnagle, later told reporters, "Before this I never knew much about football. I understand now that it is a tough and violent game."

The outcome of the trial appeared to repudiate Fred Miller, who, as Arizona State's athletic director, had suspended Kush for allegedly trying to cover up details of the incident with Rutledge. Yet Miller, who was himself later fired as athletic director but remains at Arizona State as a physical education professor, told SI Reporter Brooks Clark that he still felt Kush's removal as coach had been justified, both because of an unshaken belief that Kush was lying as well as "the subsequent irregularities [found] in our football program." Miller also predicted that by exposing Kush's style of coaching to public scrutiny, the Rutledge trial will make many coaches more "cautious" in disciplining athletes.

"Today's player deserves much higher esteem than certain coaches give him," Miller said. "I think the notoriety of the trial has brought out the fact that coaching methods that were acceptable in the past may not be acceptable in the future. Those methods may be a dinosaur."

Though Miller is hardly a disinterested party on the subject of Frank Kush, one can only hope he is proved right in his expectations that Kushian coaching methods will fall into disfavor. Football *is* tough and violent, and Kush's 176–54–1 record during his 21½ seasons at Arizona State suggests that his tactics do work, at least with some young men. But to conclude that those tactics are therefore both proper and inevitable is to accept a win-at-all-costs philosophy, one that, not incidentally, ignores the many coaches who succeed *without* so brazenly brutalizing or demeaning their players. Kush's methods may not have been criminal, nor, a jury has now concluded, did they justify the award of money damages. But those methods were wrong

CONTINUED



To anyone in America who thinks Japanese cars are better than ours I'll give you fifty dollars to compare ours against theirs or any competitive car. And I'll give it to you no matter whose car you buy.

We're not foolish. We're confident.

It's no secret that a lot of people in this country are convinced that American cars are not built as well as Japanese cars or even some European cars. I'd like nothing better than to take every American through one of the New Chrysler Corporation's plants to see our technology. To see the spirit and dedication of our workers. To see the quality of the cars we're building.

And once they've seen all this no one could say that Chryslers, Plymouths or Dodges don't stack up against Japanese cars or anyone else's.

Unfortunately, we can't take all of you through our factories. But we will do this. We'll give you $50 to test drive any new 1981 Chrysler, Plymouth, Dodge car, truck or van. Really test drive them. Put them through their paces. Then compare them to any Datsun, Toyota, VW, Chevy, Ford—any competitive car. Compare them for mileage, for price, for quality.

Buy either their car or our car within thirty days and you've got yourself $50. That's all there is to it. Just prove you bought a car and prove you took our test drive. All of the details are at any of our participating dealers along with a list of qualifying competitive cars.

We're doing this because we're confident. We're confident that once you drive our cars, you'll buy our cars.

We're confident because over the past six months Chrysler's new car sales are up compared to a year ago. Datsun and Toyota sales are down. GM and Ford sales are down. In fact, Chrysler is the only American car company whose sales are up.

We're confident we have the cars Americans want. High mileage, low priced, front-wheel-drive, quality cars.

But we're not asking you to buy our cars on faith, we're asking you to compare. And we're willing to pay you to do it.

We're not foolish. We're confident.

Lee A. Iacocca

Lee A. Iacocca, Chairman

THE NEW CHRYSLER CORPORATION

SULAIMAN, BY A DECISION

José Sulaimán also won a lawsuit last week, although in his case, unlike Kush's, there was nothing ambiguous about his exoneration. Sulaimán, the powerful president of the World Boxing Council (SI, March 16), was a defendant in an antitrust suit brought in U.S. District Court in Manhattan by promoter Teddy Brenner, a suit that had hardly gone to trial before Judge Charles M. Metzner threw out several of Brenner's charges, including a pivotal one that Sulaimán and promoter Don King had conspired to prevent Brenner from making a living. That left only Brenner's allegation that the WBC had suspended him unfairly and without a proper hearing following a dispute with King in 1979 over promotional rights to the fights of former WBC super-featherweight champion Alexis Arguello. After deliberating for 18 hours, the six-member jury unanimously rejected Brenner's allegation.

While Brenner was the only clear-cut loser in the case, King, who had been named as a co-conspirator but not a defendant, didn't fare too well, either. He was never called to testify, and court transcripts revealed why. They disclosed that during two days of pretrial depositions taken in March, King had repeatedly declined to answer questions posed by one of Brenner's attorneys, Pamela Ostrager, a fact Metzner alluded to when, in his chambers, he told Ostrager, "I gather from my law clerk that [King] took the Fifth Amendment over 350 times in that two-day period. Based on this and the representation by his counsel that he would reassert the Fifth if he appeared [in] the trial, I directed that he not be put on the stand to go through the same charade." Metzner also saw fit to mention King on another occasion. Referring to testimony that, he said, indicated that King may have altered a contract without the knowledge of one of the parties, Metzner said that while no conspiracy had been proved to exist between King and Sulaimán, King had been shown during the course of the trial to be "a pretty bad stinker."

LUNCH BREAK

The San Diego Padres have gotten off to a poor start this season—they were 6–11 as of Sunday—and the strain may be showing already. Preparing to leave the office the other day to go to lunch, the club's president, Ballard Smith, bravely joked, "I won't be back until we get to .500." To which his secretary, Rhoda Polley, replied, "Do you want to leave a forwarding address?"

TWO-BASE ERROR

Now here's one about the Texas Rangers, who mailed out ticket-order forms on which customers were asked to specify a choice of dates and prices as well as a preference for one of the following locations: home, first base or second base. The Rangers quickly caught their mistake and had the form reprinted, but not before several "smart-alecky" fans, as one ticket-office aide described them, requested the seats at second.

JAPANESE TOWN, CLASS OF '76

Apart from a few words like "fantastic," "thanks" and "good," Toshihiko Seko, the 24-year-old Japanese runner who won this year's Boston Marathon in 2:09.26, the fastest marathon ever run in the U.S., speaks no English, which may seem strange, considering that he once studied at USC. The son of a well-to-do steel-foundry owner in Kuwana, Japan, Seko, then essentially a middle-distance man, arrived in Los Angeles in the summer of 1975 and took an accelerated English course for foreigners before enrolling at USC that fall with plans to join the Trojan track team. But Ken Matsuda, an assistant USC track coach, notes that Seko arrived on campus with two other Japanese athletes and that "they spent all their time together or down in Japanese Town and never used the English they were taking in class." Seko remained at Southern Cal until the following spring, when his father became ill. He dropped out of school and returned home.

USC's loss was Waseda University's gain. Seko received a degree in education from that prestigious Japanese university and became a distance man under the tutelage of Coach Kiyoshi Nakamura. He encouraged Seko to meditate at a Zen temple, explaining, "In the end it's matters of the mind that enable the athlete to outdistance his rivals." After winning Japan's Fukuoka Marathon in 1978, Seko was runner-up in the 1979 Boston Marathon to Bill Rodgers, who said at the time, "He's only 22. In a few years I'll probably have to step out of his way or get run over." The 5′ 6½″, 141-pound Seko, who has unusual speed for a marathoner—he ran the 800 in 1:51.8 when he was in high school—has since won the Fukuoka twice more. This year's impressive victory in Boston over runner-up Craig Virgin and third-place finisher Rodgers enhances his prospects for returning to his old L.A. stomping grounds as one of the favorites in the 1984 Olympic marathon.

COMIC RELIEF

Still tied 2–2 when it was called at 4:07 a.m. after 32 innings, the now-famous game that began in Pawtucket, R.I. on April 18 (and will resume on June 23) between the Rochester Red Wings and the Pawtucket Red Sox is already the longest in organized baseball history, having consumed eight hours and seven minutes and produced 59 strikeouts, 49 stranded base runners and such oddities as a first baseman, Rochester's Dan Logan, handling 43 chances and committing one error for a *one-game* fielding average of .977. The marathon also produced the following remarks:

• Jack Lietz, the chief umpire, bragging about the staying power of his three-man crew: "We went the whole game without going to the bathroom."

• Bill McCourt, press-box steward, on why amplified music in McCoy Stadium was turned off at 3:15 a.m.: "We figured that whoever was left had heard enough."

• Luis Aponte, Red Sox relief pitcher, recounting what happened when he got home: "My wife said, 'Where have you been?' and I said, 'At the ballpark.' She said, 'You're lying.'"

• Roger LaFrancois, Pawtucket catcher, explaining why he informed the official scorer that a passed ball charged to him in the 15th inning had actually been a wild pitch: "I didn't want to be remembered for a passed ball in the longest game in history."

• Chico Walker, Red Sox leftfielder: "It was the most boring game of baseball I ever played."

Thus, one minor league game yielded more "They Said Its" for this issue than all the rest of sport put together.

THEY ALSO SAID IT

• Bill Schammel, general manager of the Midland Cubs, after a 34–8 loss to San Antonio in a Texas League baseball game: "They scored three quick touchdowns before our secondary adjusted."

• Clive Charles, Portland Timber defenseman, asked who in the world he would most like to meet: "The guy who stole my suede coat." **END**

Important news for ultra low tar smokers.

Merit Announces New Merit Ultra Lights!

Now the MERIT idea has been introduced at only 4 mg tar– New MERIT Ultra Lights. A milder MERIT for those who prefer an ultra low tar cigarette.

New MERIT Ultra Lights. It's going to set a whole new taste standard for ultra low tar smoking.

Only 4 mg tar
Regular & Menthol



MERIT Ultra Lights

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1981
4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method


SIXERS

Sports Illustrated
MAY 4, 1981



THE WEARIN' DOWN O' THE GREEN

The 76ers floored the Celtics at Boston Garden and went on to take a 3–1 lead in the East

by JOHN PAPANEK

You'll have to pardon those effete Eastern snobs for applauding the earthquake that wiped out the western half of the NBA. Houston? Kansas City? Please. Why not let the winner of Philadelphia vs. Boston take on the best of the Italian League for the world championship? Even the miraculous Moses Malone, who scored 42 points and had 23 rebounds Sunday to lead the Rockets to the 100–89 win that put Houston ahead of the Kings 3–1, can't obscure the fact that both Western Conference finalists finished the regular season with losing records.

The 76ers and the Celtics? They each had 62–20 records, best in the league, split six games this season, each winning its three at home; and they were replaying last year's Eastern Conference final, which Philadelphia won four games to one. The Sixers want to make good after two unsuccessful trips to the finals in the last four years, and they're a better team now, with a rookie scoring guard who has the weirdest shot this side of the Y. Wait till you see him. But the Celtics are improved, too, with a pair of new big men

continued

The boards were crucial in this series, and Sixers like Jones were more consistent than Celtics like Parish

Red Auerbach found to replace Dave Cowens. There's only one thing wrong. The Celtics can't seem to win a game in Philadelphia.

In fact, in the opener of the best-of-seven series, they couldn't win in Boston, either. "It's just one game. You gotta win four. There ain't no home-court advantage in the playoffs." What else would one expect Boston's Larry Bird to say on April 21 after a sensational Boston Garden cliff-hanger, in which the lead changed hands four times in the final 27 seconds before Philly pulled it out 105–104? Basketball needs no talking. That's why coaches have been known to tape their players' mouths shut in practice. One move, one nod, one blink is worth a million words. "You think I'm going right, baby, but it's slide left and see you later," or "I cut, you pass," or "Shoot it and I'll ram it down your throat." All are bits of the unspoken dialogue between two great teams in the playoffs. Cats and mice don't have time to negotiate.

Neither do Birds. Bird, the former Hick from French Lick (Ind.), is no great orator, but his basketball game speaks volumes: 33 points and 10 rebounds worth in Game 1.

But, still, this one got away from Boston and gave the home-court advantage to the 76ers. Considering each team's inability to win on the road against the other this season, that meant something. Moreover, the opening home-court loss by Boston recalled only too vividly what happened in last year's Eastern final: Boston lost the home opener and that was more or less it.

Bird's performance could have won the game for the Celtics—his two free throws gave them a 104–103 lead with four seconds left—but it didn't. It only proved that playoff basketball almost always goes beyond the tangibles. For instance, a couple of questions: 1) Which would have the greatest effect on the series' outcome: (a) Boston's eight-day rest after demolishing the Chicago Bulls in four straight games in the conference semis; (b) Philadelphia's momentum after a hard-fought seven-game Eastern semifinal against Milwaukee; or (c) Philadelphia's fatigue from same? 2) Who is Andrew Toney and what does he have in common with Lloyd (All-World) Free?

Before the series started, the strategic priorities were clearly drawn, though circumstances would ultimately change them often. The first was muscle. Boston's legion of big men, Robert Parish, Bird, Rick Robey and rookie Kevin McHale, would have to secure the defensive backboard—the launch pad—and

Though it was the Doctor's dazzling D that clipped Bird's wings in the third and fourth games he still reserved his best derring-do for the offensive end



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

kick the payload out to Nate (Tiny) Archibald, commander of the game's best fast break. Philadelphia's Darryl Dawkins, Caldwell Jones, Steve Mix and Bobby Jones would have to thwart that plan, force the Celtics into a half-court game and then trigger the Sixers' own formidable break. In the opener Parish, who since joining Boston from Golden State this season has been seen as the reincarnation of Bill Russell, took down 13 rebounds and blocked four shots, but overall the inside game was a stalemate.

So the next priority was finesse. Each team had an offensive weapon of singular brilliance at forward—Bird of the Celtics and Julius Erving of the 76ers. It was a given that neither would guard the other, simply because the special effort required to play such defense would detract from that player's offense. Philadelphia Coach Billy Cunningham learned that fact last year when he assigned Erving to Bird for the first two games of the series, and The Doctor was too tired to operate on offense. Cunningham subsequently turned that job over to the Jones boys—Caldwell and Bobby—and gave them the duty again this time around, while Boston Coach Bill Fitch gave the Erving watch to Cedric Maxwell and McHale.

Boston won that battle, holding Erving to 25 points on 8-for-20 shooting. But the one thing the Celtics hoped wouldn't happen, did. They were burned —and burned badly—in the backcourt, where Archibald and Chris Ford, both 32 years old, share time with M.L. Carr, a converted forward, and a flighty second-year man, Gerald Henderson. Most of the damage was done by Toney, a 23-year-old rookie reserve out of Southwestern Louisiana, who lit up the Garden for 26 points, mostly on odd-looking jumpers that he seemed to squeeze two-handed from behind his head, as though he were shooting giant watermelon seeds. Toney instantly became a certified Boston villain, much as Free had been when he personally took the Celtics out of the playoffs as a 76er rookie back in 1977.

The final indignity came after Bird's free throws had apparently won the game. With two seconds left, Maxwell stuck out a leg to deliberately trip Toney, who had beaten Cornbread en route to what would have been a game-winning Philly field goal. Sixer Guard Lionel Hollins was asked if he was nervous with the fate of the game resting in the hands of a rookie on the foul line. "Not a rookie like *him*," said Hollins. And Toney calmly sank the free throws.

Afterward, Toney was asked about his unusual shooting style. "It's not unusual to me," he said. That's all right. Bostonians don't think they have accents. In the unhappy Garden exodus one was heard to mutter. "If the Celtics don't go any fahtha this year I'm through."

The next night another fan in the Garden lobby seemed to be calling on the Deity for help: "A god! A god! What we need is a god!" One had to wonder if the speaker wouldn't settle for, say, Russell or Bob Cousy or at least John Havlicek. "Ah-chibahld is good but not great," the fan continued. "We need a god." Oh, a *god*. A *guard*! Another rap at the backcourt. No more of those this night, though, as Archibald scored 19 points and had four assists, and Ford and Carr bottled up the hated Toney, at least until Bird led the Celtics out to a flash 19-point first-half lead that never diminished as Boston won 118–99.

The crowd booed Toney lustily, but not nearly so passionately as it hooted Dawkins each time he left the game. Double D was in foul trouble all the way and collected a measly eight points and seven rebounds. As for Toney, Ford played right up in his face like a bulldog, so aggressively, in fact, that Ford picked up three fouls in the first period. The crowd loved it, and few realized that Toney had clicked for 35 points—you got it, 35—until the final stats were announced.

"I don't think Toney will beat us again in the series," said Fitch. "O.K., he got

continued



Erving used his magnificent mitts, among other attributes, to keep things out of reach of the Celtics

35. But 35 when you're down 20 means our defense was working where it should."

Where it worked was everywhere else, especially on Erving, held by Maxwell and McHale to 12 points. "I was the goat in Game 1," said Maxwell. "So I knew I needed to make up for it tonight."

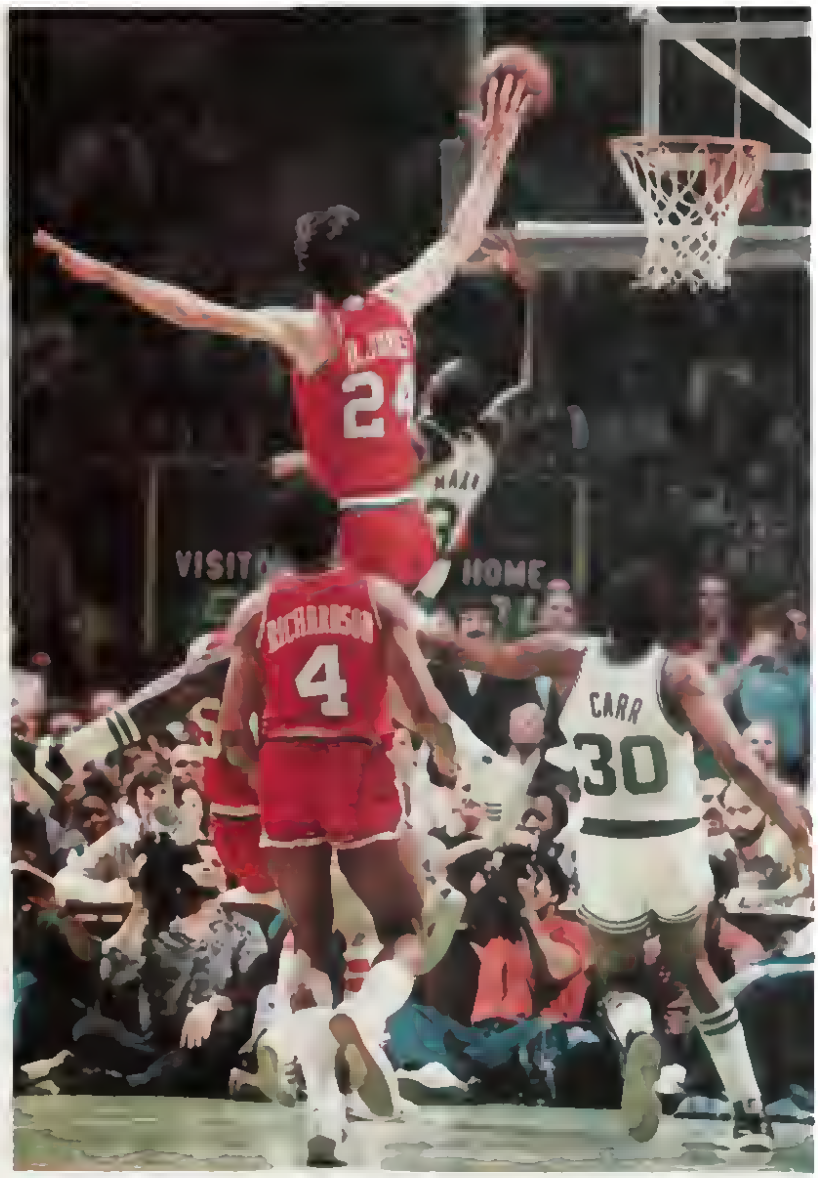
Underneath the basket, Boston brought all its power to bear, dominating in rebounds 52–41. Parish had 12 of them, along with four blocked shots and 17 points. Caldwell Jones, Philly's best rebounder, could get his hands on only five, mainly because his hands were full of Bird. "Nah," said Jones. "I think . . . I was . . . I got . . . whew . . . how many points did he get?"

Bird got 34, and 16 rebounds. He hit 14 of 21 shots from everywhere, whether guarded by Jones One, Jones Two or two Joneses and a player to be named later. He worked the basketball masterfully, playing his defender like a yo-yo on a string. "He's the best flat-footed faker I've ever seen," said Bobby Jones. With the ball held low and to the side or above his head, Bird would send his man streaking this way or that with a mere flick of an elbow or a nod of his head. If his man stayed with him, he would whip a fake pass behind his back, and then, when the defender turned his head, Bird would pull the ball back and flick away the quickest and truest 22-footer since Jerry West.

Bird is still shy with the press. Nevertheless, 30 reporters waited while he took a 40-minute shower. When he emerged they sang *Hail to the Chief*. He smiled. He was asked if the game was easy for him. "Easy?" he said. "I worked harder tonight than ever. It's never easy, because you're banging, pushing, scratching for everything you get."

Optimism flowed from the Garden portals once more. "It's got to be Auerbach," said a cabbie settling behind the wheel. "Parish, McHale, Carr, I never even heard of 'em before. What're they going to do when Red retires? Hang a cigar from the ceiling, or what?"

So it was on to Philadelphia's Spectrum, where the Celtics hadn't won since Jan. 20, 1979. That's nine straight, including playoffs. "I've never won a game there. What's it like?" said Bird to Ford. "I can't remember," said Ford. For this trip, Boston switched hotels, hoping to break the jinx, but on Friday night the 76ers pulled out all the stops to make the Celtics fidget: a sellout crowd; spotlighted intros; swirling stars projected onto the floor; fireworks exploding from the ceiling; and Grover Washington Jr. wailing the national anthem on the tenor sax.



Bobby Jones was too late to stop Maxwell here but was just in time for the steal that saved Game 4.

Erving was the first to arrive in the Sixers' dressing room, looking refreshed. "Two nights in my own bed," he said. "Just what the doctor ordered." What Cunningham ordered turned out to be just as important, and it accounted for the smug look on Erving's face. Surprise! The Doctor would be The Defender this night. He draped his long arms and body all over Bird, absolutely denying him the ball and making him work for virtually every one of his points. This definitely wasn't an easy night for Bird. And that made everything fall into place defensively for Philadelphia. Instead of having to chase Bird around the perimeter, Caldwell Jones lay back in the pit, where he collared 14 rebounds and blocked five shots. He and Dawkins stopped Boston's inside game cold, contributing to Parish's missing 13 of 14 shots and limiting him to just eight rebounds. "I wouldn't say that this was one of my worst games," said Parish. "I'd say it was *the* worst."

Philadelphia outrebounded Boston 50–48 and outscored the Celtics 27–17 on fast breaks to win 110–100. It was a reversal of Game 2: Philadelphia got out fast, thanks to an 11–0 run in the first period, opened an 18-point lead and then pulled away again after Boston got to within six in the fourth period. Erving scored 22 points, and there were 19 more

from Toney—"I still say he's not the guy who'll beat us," said Fitch—16 each from a running Bobby Jones and a shooting Hollins and 15 from a ferocious Dawkins, who said he prefers the later games of a series "because [the refs] let us do a lot of bumpin' 'n' bangin'."

Erving chortled because he was singled out for defensive, rather than offensive, excellence. "Usually when people bring up my defense they criticize it," he said.

Meanwhile, Fitch was looking around his locker room saying, "This team has to get somebody who can put the ball in the basket besides Larry Bird." If he spotted someone, he didn't point him out.

"All I know," said Bird, "is that if we can't win in Philadelphia, we don't deserve to be NBA champions."

And in the first half of Game 4 on Sunday afternoon, also in the Spectrum, the Celtics looked as if they couldn't win in a schoolyard. Meanwhile, Philadelphia came out smoking, making 58% of its first-half field-goal attempts, passing with exceptional timing and accuracy, blocking nine Celtic shots and zooming to an 11-point lead early in the second quarter. Bird, again played by Erving, missed seven of his eight first-half shots, though his 11 rebounds were nearly half of Boston's total. One stretch epitomized Bird's frustration and, in a larger sense, symbolized the Celtics' apparent Philadelphia jinx. Bird had two shots blocked by Erving; he committed a lazy man's foul on Bobby Jones; he turned the ball over on traveling and five-second violations; and then, wrestling for a defensive rebound, he was flung ignominiously to the floor and was left there to watch helplessly while the indefatigable Toney sped off for a fast-break dunk.

It was another blowout, or so it seemed, until Ford suddenly got his outside shot warm, Bird shook loose from his slump and Parish came out of hiding in the third period. Boston scored 11 straight points in one span, shot 67% for the quarter and cut an 18-point deficit to one. Said a confounded Cunningham afterward, "You go in at halftime and tell them how well they played in the first half, tell them what they have to do to maintain their lead, and then they almost blow it."

The fourth period probably decided the series, and that quarter came down to the last minute. After Archibald had broken away with a Parish rebound to cut the Sixers' lead to 107–105, Philadelphia gave the ball away on a 24-second violation; but with a chance to tie the game with 36 seconds left, Parish missed a 12-footer. Twenty seconds later Bobby Jones missed an eight-footer. Maxwell got the rebound for Boston and *pitched it to Archibald as Jones went* for the steal. Archibald never saw Fitch call for a timeout. Instead he pushed the ball to midcourt and launched a pass that looked as if it would hit Bird perfectly on his flight to the basket. But at the last moment Bobby Jones came soaring in like a free safety to make a game-saving interception.

Jones' play left everyone amazed. "That's why I call him White Lightning," said Dawkins, who calls himself Chocolate Thunder.

White Lightning himself could barely describe his feat. "This is the way I remember it," said Jones. "I was trying to get the ball out of Maxwell's hands after the rebound, then all of a sudden it's back *in* my hands." It was that simple, except that all of a sudden Jones had covered 94 feet of basketball court. "I guess I just ran back and spotted Bird when I was at midcourt," said Jones. "I never saw the ball until it was in my hands."

Not one of the 76ers would consider the series won, their chance to play for the NBA title again all locked up. But neither would any Celtic dare to predict three straight wins. After all, that would require beating Philly at the Spectrum in Game 6, and after Sunday's 11th straight loss there, Fitch was referring to the Sixers' arena as "this house of jinxes." All in all, the Celtics would rather not go back to Philadelphia. Ever. END

Toney gave Coach Fitch fits, averaging 24.3 points and winning Game 1 with two late free throws





Woozy and with a muscle injury, Maree twice ran down O'Mara to secure wins for the Wildcats.

TO THE GREATER GLORY OF JUMBO

Villanova's runners paid honor to their late coach in a fitting manner at the Penn Relays

by JACK McCALLUM

As Villanova junior John Hunter warmed up to run the 1,200-meter leg in the college distance medley relay at the 87th Penn Relays last Friday afternoon, his gaze fell on a poster advertising an upcoming meet. It bore the picture of James (Jumbo) Elliott, the Wildcats' track coach for more than 46 years until his sudden death from a heart attack five weeks ago. "He came into my mind right then," said Hunter, a native of County Cork, in the Irish brogue that, thanks to Elliott, has been heard on the Villanova campus so often over the years. "I said a prayer to Mr. Elliott before I ran." Indeed, talk about the renowned track coach was so pervasive at the Relays that fans of the supernatural couldn't be blamed for casting hopeful glances at the southwest corner of Franklin Field, where Elliott annually held court in a manner that could only be described as a cross between curmudgeonly and saintly. And after Villanova provided some of the Relays' best moments, it was apparent that Jumbo once again had had a hand in the meet he loved more than all others.

Not that there wasn't enough earthly stuff going on in this, the world's largest track-and-field marketplace. (With some 14,000 athletes, meet director Jim Tuppeny admits the Relays are "almost at capacity.") One of the more corporeal happenings was SMU's 6′ 5″, 235-pound Richard Olsen's breaking his own collegiate hammer record for the third time in a month. Then there were Carl and Carol Lewis, who earned the Warren Beatty-Shirley MacLaine brother-sister award for their charm and talent in winning the men's college (26′ 9″) and high school girls' (20′ 9¼″) long jumps. There was an unusual cameo appearance by high hurdler Renaldo Nehemiah who, when he found there was no race for him in his specialty, joined the 100-meter-dash field and finished third (10.69) behind Neville Hodge (10.50) and Steve Riddick. And there was an impressive showing by the University of Tennessee, which won three relays with the help of football players Willie Gault, Anthony Hancock and Mike Miller.

But most of all there was the great shadow of Elliott, who coached the Wildcats to 75 Penn Relays titles between 1955 and 1980. "There's really a loneliness and emptiness here today without Jumbo," said former Villanova runner and current indoor mile record-holder Eamonn Coghlan, who stopped by on Friday to turn in a 2:57.7 three-quarter-mile leg in the New York Athletic Club's win in the open distance medley. "I feel it especially when I look up in that section of the stands where he always was," said Sydney Maree, who would be the hero in both of the Wildcats' relay victories. "We can still hear him even though he's not with us." And Rodney Wilson, Villanova's outstanding sophomore high hurdler, took it one step further: He claimed he still holds conversations with Jumbo. It was shortly after Elliott's death on March 22 that Tuppeny, whose youngest daughter was Jumbo's godchild, thought of the only proper tribute to the memory of the man—to rename the Relays' mile run the Jumbo Elliott Mile. Elliott pushed out Ben Franklin for that honor, perhaps the best

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE TIEDEMANN

yardstick of his influence in the City of Brotherly Love.

While Villanova was unable to win the inaugural mile named for its late mentor—Tom Byers of Athletics West had that honor, with a 4:00.69 on a blustery Saturday afternoon—the Wildcats' gutty performance would have gratified Elliott. "It would've put so many people in an unhappy position if we'd lost," said Maree. "It would've shown Jumbo was gone, the tradition was gone, everything was gone. We wanted to win this to show that, even though Jumbo is gone, we'll try to keep up the spirit. We'll do as he always wanted us to do."

And what Elliott would have wanted Villanova to do, more than anything, was win Friday's college distance medley relay, an event in which the Wildcats had been triumphant for 15 years in a row. The prospects for perpetuating that incredible streak did not look good. Anchorman Maree hadn't been able to run in nine days because of a groin pull, and both Carlton Young (400-meter leg) and Marcus O'Sullivan (800) were fighting nagging injuries—Young, strained hamstrings, O'Sullivan, sore knees. It looked even worse at dawn on Friday, which found Maree in the bathroom, "falling off the bowl," dizzy and weak, possibly in reaction to two cortisone injections he'd received Thursday morning. But Maree's vital signs checked out in a 7 a.m. visit to a doctor, and after two 600-meter warmups at 10 a.m., he decided to compete in the afternoon race.

"As far as I was concerned on Thursday, I was going to anchor," said Hunter, who would've taken Maree's 1,600 spot. "Sydney sometimes is so injured he shouldn't be walking, yet he runs." And how he runs. Hunter handed Maree the baton in second place, 10 yards behind Frank O'Mara of Arkansas. But soon it became a race between Maree and Georgetown's John Gregorek, U.S. Olympian in the steeplechase, and then it became no race at all as Maree's devastating kick—53.8 over the last 400 of a 4:04.7 leg—put Gregorek away and kept Villanova's streak alive.

"If Sydney hadn't run today, I'd say we probably would've lost," said former Villanova runner Don Paige, the world's best half-miler in 1980, who works out with the Wildcats while studying for an MBA at Drexel University in Philadelphia. "It's mind over matter what Sydney did today." But could Maree come back to anchor Villanova's two relays the next day? "He'll be so sore, he might not be able to run," said Paige. "Oh, he'll be limping a little tonight, but he'll have a great race tomorrow," said Maree's wife, Lisa, a sophomore miler and half-miler on Villanova's women's team.

As it turned out, Lisa knew her man. In Saturday's 4×1,500 relay, Maree took the baton a full 30 yards behind the leader but caught the pack almost immediately, and then overtook O'Mara down the stretch to win by less than a yard after a 3:40.2 leg. "I usually give him the baton within 10 yards but that was a bloody big distance I left him with today," said Hunter, whose fine 3:43.8 third leg helped Maree get within his considerable striking distance. "I saw a 55-second split for Sydney's first quarter and I thought, 'Uh, oh, he's going to be too tired for the rest, but he held on," said Villanova's interim Coach Jack Pyrah, 15 years an assistant under Elliott. With one race left, however, Maree didn't know how much longer he could hold on. Nonetheless, he agreed to anchor the 4×800 relay. This time even more of his heroics couldn't do it. Maree ran a personal best of 1:48.0, but the Wildcats finished fourth, two seconds behind winner Georgetown.

It was fitting that the Relays' outstanding male college track performer award went to Maree, who can at last see the light at the end of a long tunnel of frustration. A black from South Africa, Maree's track career has been handicapped both at home, where blacks are second-class citizens, and elsewhere, where he was frequently, and ironically, barred from competing because of South Africa's apartheid policies. "You don't know how it feels," he said on Friday. "It's as if you committed the crime of the century and you can't figure out what you've done wrong."

But in February the International Amateur Athletic Federation declared Maree eligible for international meets because he had taken up permanent U.S. residence and married an American citizen. For the time being, at least, as he works toward his own U.S. citizenship, Maree is free to run where he wishes. Elliott frequently discouraged his athletes from getting married while in school, but in his case, Maree says, "He was 100% behind it." In fact, at his own suggestion, Jumbo drove the wedding limousine. Elliott and Maree had occasional problems early in Maree's Villanova career, both because of Maree's independent training ideas and the constant strain of his status, but they had grown quite close.

"Since he died I realize what he meant," said Maree. "He left me with so much. He had his beliefs and he was going to do it his way. He showed his toughness on the track, and he was that way in life, too. I feel sorry for people who never got the chance to work side-by-side with a guy like Jumbo."

It was a shame, many spectators suggested, that Jumbo couldn't have been there to share in Maree's outstanding day. But everyone in a Villanova uniform knew that wasn't the case. END

Elliott was boss to Pyrah (left) for 15 years and chauffeur to the recently married Marees for one day





Valenzuela pitched complete-game victories in each of his first four starts and allowed only one run

EPIDEMIC OF FERNANDO FEVER

Los Angeles is delirious over dazzling rookie lefthander Fernando Valenzuela

by JIM KAPLAN

Fernando Fever is sweeping Southern California like a brush fire on a windy day. The symptoms: giddiness, euphoria and a vague sense of disbelief. The cause: Fernando Valenzuela, the Dodgers' sensational 20-year-old rookie lefthander from Mexico. So what if Robert Redford says, "I've never heard of him." Valenzuela probably hasn't heard of Redford. A Redondo man composed a song in Valenzuela's honor. A Barstow woman created a Fernando Valenzuela T shirt. The highbrow *Los Angeles Times* published a laudatory editorial. The lowbrow *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* started a nickname contest. And the message board at Dodger Stadium has taken to identifying Valenzuela by his first name only.

The epidemiology of Fernando Fever can be easily documented. In his first four starts Valenzuela pitched complete-game victories over Houston (2–0 and 1–0), San Diego (2–0) and San Francisco (7–1). As of last Sunday he was the National League leader in wins, shutouts, earned run average (0.25) and strikeouts (36) and he had walked just seven batters. If you include Valenzuela's 28 days in the majors late last season (2–0 and a 0.00 ERA in 17⅔ innings of relief) and the final six weeks of his

minor league career (7–0 and 0.00 in 35 innings at San Antonio), he has allowed just one earned run in 88⅔ innings and won his last 13 decisions.

Valenzuela's success can be traced to October 1979 when he was taught how to throw a screwball by Dodger Reliever Bob Castillo. He perfected that difficult pitch in a year—or a half-dozen fewer seasons than it took Hall of Famer Carl Hubbell, the most famous of all screwball pitchers. Delivered with a high-kicking motion that brings to mind Juan Marichal, Valenzuela's scroogie tails away from righthanded hitters. When righties crowd the plate to get a better shot at it, Valenzuela jams them with an inside fastball he perfected under the tutelage of Pitching Coach Ron Perranoski. But like most outstanding pitchers, Valenzuela relies as much on carefully nurtured skills as raw ability. "He can hit either corner with his fastball, throw the scroogie at two different speeds and come in with a fine curve," says Perranoski.

Valenzuela isn't the first rookie pitcher to get off to a fast start, and some of his predecessors have sobering histories. Boo Ferriss won his first eight decisions, including four shutouts for the 1945 Red Sox, finished the season at 21–10 and was 25–6 in 1946, but he burned out quickly. Karl Spooner threw two shutouts after reporting to Brooklyn late in 1954, but survived just one complete season. Von McDaniel, who was said to "hypnotize the bats," won four straight for St. Louis early in 1957, he finished that year at 7–5 and was demoted in 1958. The most celebrated pitching phenom of all time was Detroit's Mark Fidrych. The Bird was 9–1, with nine complete games and a 1.86 ERA, on July 3, 1976 and finished the season at 19–9, but he has fought a losing battle against injuries ever since. However, Jerry Koosman (4–0 start and a 19–12 record in 1968) and Vida Blue (19–3 and 24–8 in 1971) did use exceptional performances in their first full seasons as launching pads to distinguished careers. That Valenzuela is the majors' youngest player—Yankee Pitcher Gene Nelson was born one month later but he's on the disabled list—makes his success all the more startling.



Although most of Valenzuela's phenomenal success can be attributed to his screwball, he has also helped himself at the plate, batting .333 and driving in a game-winning run.

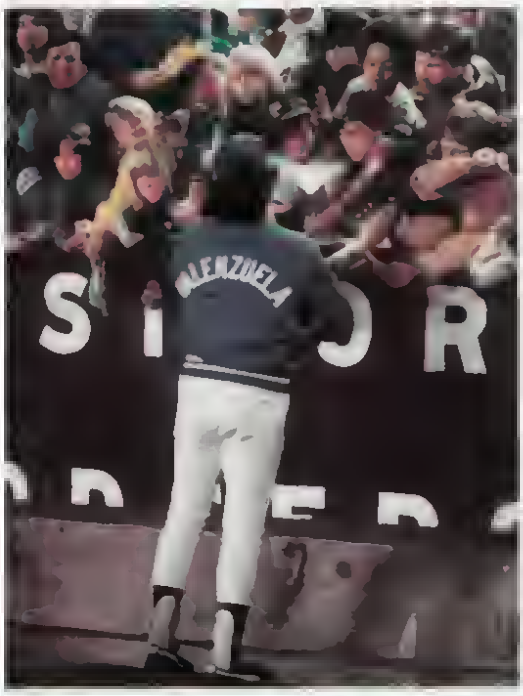
"You judge a guy by what he does in battle, not basic training," says Dodger Manager Tom Lasorda. "We brought him up in the heat of last year's race, and our scouts said he could be used in any situation. Just look what he did."

The Astros were the victims in Valenzuela's most significant game so far this season, a 1–0 victory last Wednesday in Houston. He was facing the Astros for the second time in two weeks, and when he had trouble keeping his pitches down, Houston figured to tee off on him. Yet Valenzuela pitched out of trouble in five innings, leaving eight men on base overall. "He was so relaxed out there," said Dodger Reliever Terry Forster, "that he seemed to be laughing at them, telling them they couldn't score."

That wasn't all he did. With the Astros' Terry Puhl on second and nobody out in the first inning, Valenzuela fielded Craig Reynolds' bunt in front of the mound. Seeing Puhl trapped off second, Valenzuela went after him like a lion after a zebra, tagged him out, wheeled instinctively to throw and almost caught Reynolds off first for a double play. Minutes later Valenzuela did catch Reynolds off first with a perfect

continued







pickoff throw, but Reynolds reached second when First Baseman Steve Garvey hit him on the back with his relay. And just for good measure, Valenzuela drove in the game's only run with a single down the leftfield line. A slap hitter with good bat control, he was batting .333 at week's end.

"One thing I can't do is run," says Valenzuela. At 5′ 11″, 190 pounds, he'll never be mistaken for an Olympic sprinter, but Forster believes that "weight is an advantage. It keeps him strong." Indeed, Mike Scioscia, who has caught Valenzuela in three of his four starts, says the pitcher grows stronger as the game progresses.

Valenzuela is a powerful endorsement of the three Cs: control, confidence and composure. "He's great at hitting the corners," says Mike Brito, a Cuban-born scout who signed Valenzuela to a Dodger contract, after spotting him in an obscure Mexican league. "He's confident enough to throw Johnny Bench a fastball with men on second and third. But what amazes me is that he's never nervous. I'd like to know why. All Fernando says is, 'I'm not supposed to be afraid.' "

People who have watched Valenzuela pitch are both impressed and confused. "I'm in awe of anybody who can master the screwball," says Houston Pitcher Don Sutton. "The key is his fastball," argues San Francisco Second Baseman Joe Morgan. "It's good enough that you can't lean on his curve or screwball." Says Astro First Baseman Mike Ivie, "His delivery and motion make it look as if he's throwing a fastball all the time." Houston Outfielder Puhl appreciates the way Valenzuela mixes speeds. "By the fifth or sixth he has figured out just how much he needs to take off his screwball to each hitter." Adds San Diego Outfielder Gene Richards, "You have to like his control, even if he's the other team's pitcher. It's great seeing a 20-year-old pitcher doing the things he does, great being a part of it."

In fairness to Valenzuela's baffled opponents, there's no easily discernible pattern to his pitching. He uses the screwball 60% to 70% of the time but isn't the least bit reluctant to go to other pitches in the clutch and use them in unexpected ways. "A lot of times he shakes off my pitches and then strikes guys out," says Scioscia. "He knows what he's doing." Ivie could testify to that. With men in scoring position, Valenzuela twice caught him looking at fastballs on the outside corner.

According to the 1980 census, there are 2,065,724 people of Spanish origin in Los Angeles County, and the number is increasing rapidly. Until recently, though, the Dodgers drew poorly from the Hispanic community. "We never said we wouldn't go to games," says Valenzuela's agent, Antonio De Marco, a Mexican immigrant, "but we did tell the Dodgers they should get some Mexican players, and they were slow to do it."

Although Valenzuela appeals to fans of all backgrounds, he's especially popular among his countrymen. "I've never seen anything like it," says KTNQ radio's Jaime Jarrin, who has broadcast L.A. games in Spanish since the Dodgers moved West in 1958. "Castillo is a Mexican-American, a Chicano who was born in Los Angeles, but it's a bigger thing to have someone from Mexico. And Fernando is from the state of Sonora, a main source of immigrants to this area. We Latins are big sports fans. We've always had sports heroes, but they've been boxers. Fernando has the potential to become king of them all."

"Within 24 hours after he beat the Astros on Wednesday, we sold out the reserved seats for his next scheduled start, against the Giants on Monday," says Dodger Vice-President Fred Claire. "That's unprecedented."

To be sure, Valenzuela isn't the only reason for the team's popularity among

continued

Fan appreciation for Valenzuela knows no barriers, but as a native of Mexico, he is a special favorite of the Hispanic community.





Only VISA Gives You All These Ways To Pay. Worldwide.

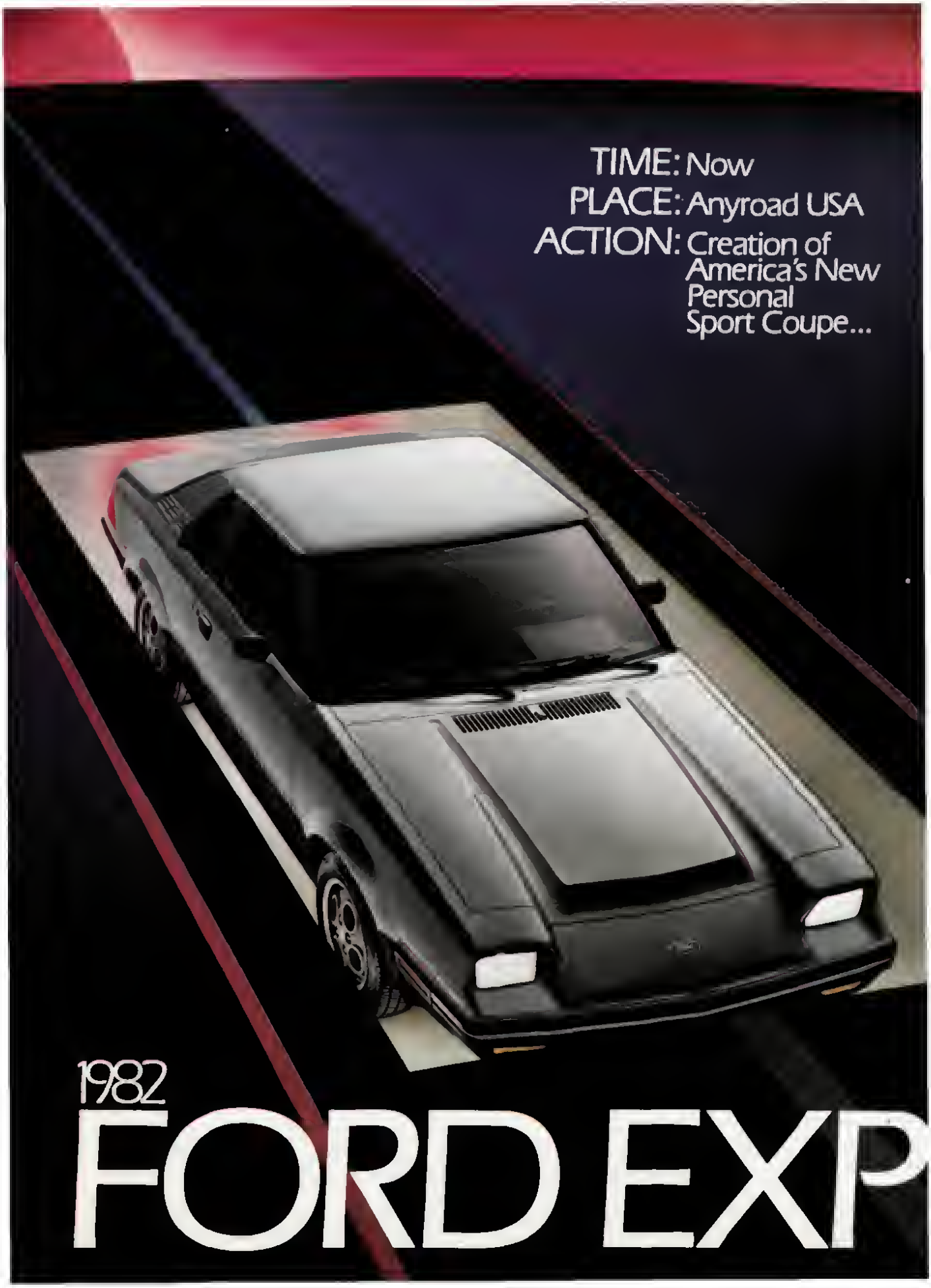
If you want to pay in full each month—or in monthly installments—Visa gives you that choice. If you want cash, it's available to Visa cardholders at over 100,000 financial offices, worldwide.

If you want to pay with money from your checking or savings account—without the problems of using a personal check, there's a Visa card that works like a check. You can get cash, too—around town or in over 140 countries.

If you want a travelers cheque with a name and reputation that means acceptance worldwide, carry Visa Travelers Cheques. And, should you ever lose them, Visa Travelers Cheques are backed by a worldwide refund system.

You can have it the way you want it with VISA.

Each Visa service available at the option of participating financial institutions.


TIME: Now
PLACE: Anyroad USA
ACTION: Creation of America's New Personal Sport Coupe...
1982
FORD EXP

Introducing Ford EXP Personal transport carefully created to carry you into the future . a new way to express yourself.

EXP's a beautiful package of world-class technology. Carefully instrumented . with handling and road command that come from front-wheel drive and four-wheel independent suspension. And fuel efficiency that comes from EXP's advanced 1.6 liter CVH engine and a fine-tuned aerodynamic shape

And the sporty EXP's a 2 PLUS . . practical as well as personal. Room for two plus surprisingly generous room for your gear . . . from sports equipment to loads of luggage There's even a luggage hideaway. And EXP has a dazzling array of standard features:

■ Console ■ Contoured Bucket Seats ■ All-Season Steel-Belted Radial Tires ■ Power Front Disc Brakes ■ Self-Adjusting Brakes and Clutch ■ Electric Rear Window Defroster ■ Intermittent Windshield Wipers ■ Styled Steel Wheels ■ Front Stabilizer Bar ■ Remote Control Sport Mirror ■ Rectangular Halogen Headlamps ■ Electro-Drive Cooling Fan ■ Carpeted Cargo Area ■ AM Radio with Dual Speakers (may be deleted for credit) ■ Visor Vanity Mirror ■ Tachometer ■ Temperature Gauge ■ Trip Mileage Counter ■ Door Ajar Warning Light ■ Low Washer Fluid Warning Light ■ New Manual Transaxle — Overdrive in 4th Gear (automatic optional)

Ford EXP Personal Practical. Technologically advanced. And built with Ford's commitment to quality

Tomorrow is here
...from the
World of Ford.

FORD EXP

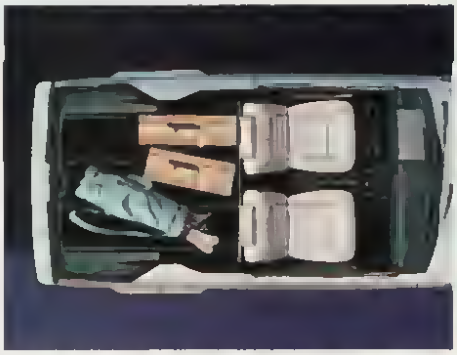
FORD DIVISION



Four-wheel independent suspension



World-class technology front-wheel drive



Two-plus interior design. room for two plus a lot of room for a lot of living



Comfortably contoured and carefully instrumented for your driving pleasure




Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method
Golden Lights.
You really know you're smoking.
Give up double digit tar. But don't give up the pleasure.
menthol.
Golden Lights

Angelenos of Latin descent. There are four other Dodgers of Hispanic origin—Coach Manny Mota, Rightfielder Pedro Guerrero and Infielder Pepe Frias, all from the Dominican Republic, and Castillo. Through last Sunday the Dodgers had a 13–3 record, the best in the National League West, and they were off to their best start since 1955. Guerrero has been a pleasant surprise substituting for the injured Reggie Smith, newcomer Ken Landreaux has filled a problem spot in center, and Scioscia has exceeded all expectations at catcher. But the Dodgers live and die by pitching. The last six times they've won the pennant their staff has led the league in ERA. This year's ERA of 1.74 leads that of every team in baseball except Oakland.

Because Valenzuela speaks through interpreters and discloses little about himself, some English-speaking reporters have described him in one-dimensional terms. Some would have their readers believe that his English vocabulary is limited to yes, no, television, food and six-pack. "He struts around the mound like a Mexican general," wrote one reporter. Other comments have included "Valenzuela's nickname should be Pauncho" and "Maybe he'll overdose on burritos and beer." Typifying this sort of coverage was a cartoon in the *Herald Examiner* that pictured Valenzuela as a matador fighting a bull labeled "National League hitters." Mexican-Americans and Spanish-speaking reporters have objected to this treatment of Valenzuela, justifiably claiming that it smacks of stereotyping; Valenzuela's friends protest merely that the real Fernando isn't being captured.

"People have told Fernando that he's still pitching exhibitions," says De Marco. "Fernando knows he isn't, but he goes along with them because he doesn't want to spoil anybody's fun. He's very grateful to the media, even when they make fun of him. He heard they would be cold and mean, but they've been just the opposite. They give him affection and love—*cariño*, we call it. Fernando's shy, but he wants to learn English; he's listening to cassettes and his pronunciation is very good." It's typical of Valenzuela's savvy that though he speaks and understands more English than he lets on, he uses an interpreter for interviews so he won't be misunderstood.

Valenzuela's reticence disguises a keen baseball mind. While going over the Houston hitters before the season opener, Perranoski was amazed at how well Valenzuela remembered them from last September. "I saw him in the minors one time when he had runners on first and third," says Perranoski. "The guy on first broke for second. Many young pitchers would have balked then. Fernando just stepped back off the rubber, spotted the guy on third breaking and threw him out at home by 10 feet."

"I like Los Angeles because there are a lot of people here who speak Spanish," Valenzuela says. More people than he's accustomed to, because he's from the poor farming community of Etchohuaquila (pop. approximately 150). In L.A. he lives in a Mexican neighborhood near the ballpark and depends on friends for transportation because he doesn't drive. He spends much of his spare time listening to music and watching television. Eventually he says he will marry his girl friend, who lives in the Yucatán, but not, he insists, until he's firmly settled.

"We've had no less than 20 to 25 calls for endorsements," says De Marco. "We say no at this time because we don't want Fernando to be distracted. He has many people helping him—me, Jaime Jarrin, Mike Brito and Rudy Garcia, sports editor of *La Opinión*, the daily Spanish-language newspaper—but I feel every Mexican and Mexican-American is an honorary friend of Fernando's.

"He's touched by God because everything that has happened to him has been coincidental. He came up last year only because the staff was in shambles. The next coincidence was this season's opener. Jerry Reuss was hurt and Burt Hooton wasn't ready, so the Dodgers turned to Fernando, who had pitched batting practice the day before, and they said, 'Let's send him to the fire and see how he cooks.' He won. Then he won again. And again."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MACKSON



When reporters call, Valenzuela answers, but with the help of an interpreter like teammate Castillo

Fernando's story is a lyrical one, all right. Perhaps that's why someone calling himself Larry from Redondo telephoned the Dodgers' English-language radio station, KABC, and sang off-key a song he'd written in Valenzuela's honor. One of the verses will surely echo through the National League all summer:

The batters come up but they're helpless.
The reason is simple and pure:
If his fastball should miss, I will promise you this,
That his scroogie will get them for sure.



Jones' eight-foot bed is a reflection of the lengths a 6' 9" man must go to in adjusting to a world in which he's considered by just about everyone to be too tall.

The soft, warm ocean breeze drifted across Waikiki Beach, across Kalakaua Avenue, and then ever so gently through the Cock's Roost, an open-air bar where Ed (Too Tall) Jones, who had just dropped in for a beer, had broken into song. Too Tall singing? Indeed, if your definition of singing is broad enough, that's what Too Tall was doing.

Why not? After all, Jones, a 6' 9", 260-pound, 30-year-old defensive end for the Dallas Cowboys, has spent a lifetime doing the unexpected. Signed by Tennessee State University in 1969 as a basketball player—51 other colleges also wanted him for hoops—he quit that sport after two seasons to devote himself to football, for which no school had tried to recruit him, including Tennessee State. And all the while he wondered if baseball wasn't really his main interest. Or singing.

Then, despite his limited football background—he'd played in only three games in high school and had to spend a lot of time in college learning the basics—Jones was the first player picked in the NFL draft in 1974. The Cowboys found his prodigious talents, however raw, to be irresistible, and a brilliant career was forecast for him by scouts from other NFL teams, too. There was an awful lot of talk that Jones just might turn out to be the best pro football player ever.

On draft day Gil Brandt, Dallas' personnel chief, said facetiously, "We were very glad Ed Jones was still there when we had our chance to pick." In fact, the Cowboys had been maneuvering for two years to make sure that they would be able to select Jones, and when Coach Tom Landry was asked about Jones' potential, he said, "It's unlimited." But Too Tall has come up short. He has been a good pro, sometimes a great pro, but much, much more was expected.

In 1979 Jones quit football—never to return, he said—to take up professional boxing, a life-long love. A year later he was back in the NFL. "I have my personal reasons," he said mystifyingly. And now he is dead earnest about singing. "I've always taken every involvement in music seriously," says Jones, who even in college used to drop into nightclubs for a song or two. "But now that I'm an artist, I take it very seriously. I'm not going to be just another football player trying to sing." His first single had *Do the Dip - 81* on one side and *Funkin On Your Radio* ("Eeny, meeny, miney mo, we're funkin' on your radio/ We're the band with the master plan/ Now we're gonna funk you like no other can") on the other. Last month Jones recorded his first album in Memphis. "I'm going to be honest," says Too Tall's brother, Cliff,

THE TALL AND THE SHORT OF IT

Ed (Too Tall) Jones is a great athlete who has never lived up to the expectations of a public that believes he should be as good as he is big

by ***DOUGLAS S. LOONEY***



Jones and Martin practice kali so offensive linemen can't stick it to them

an executive with Fun City Records, "I think his voice is commercial. The public will accept it. It's adequate."

Ed, are you a good singer?

"I know I am and I will be. I'm a natural."

But are you trained?

"Sure, I trained myself."

Well, Elvis didn't get unanimous raves either when he started out. Besides, the larger point is that when Jones sang at the Cock's Roost, it was clear he was ecstatically happy—and that hasn't always been the case with him. He was in Hawaii to help his agent, Don Cronson of New York City, hustle up new clients from among the college basketball stars playing in the April 9-11 Aloha Classic, and to pamper himself in anticipation of the grueling NFL season.

For that moment, however, his mind was on nothing but his rhythm and blues favorite, *Stormy Monday*. To Too Tall the Cock's Roost was heaven—which is to say, it came equipped with a band and a microphone and a stool and a hero-worshipping audience. "I don't know why he tries to sing," says a Dallas friend, Kermit Kane, who feels secure enough to deal in truth, "but I guess somebody told him he could." Jones sniffs, "Whether you like my singing or not, you might as well get used to it because I'm going to be around."

And herein lies the crux of Too Tall's dilemma. He has simply been around as an athlete—slightly ahead of the pack in football and a bit behind it in boxing—instead of, as predicted, way ahead of everybody in everything. Here's this perfect physical specimen of whom columnist Jim Murray once wrote, "Edward Lee Jones looks like what might happen if you had a hammer and a chisel and a license from God to make yourself a heavyweight champion of the world." But Red Smith of *The New York Times* took one look at Jones' boxing prowess and grumped, "He cannot box, he cannot punch and his chin gives off a musical tinkle when tapped."

Jones has the classic Big Man Problem. "Just because you're big, people think you should be able to do everything better than anybody else," he says. "But if you try to prove yourself to others, you can destroy yourself." Too high expectations have been at the root of Too Tall's difficulties. For example, in the two years he played basketball at Tennessee State, he never was a starter; when the Cowboys drafted him and the word was out that Jones would redefine the term "pro football," he didn't start his first year. And when he did start the next season, he didn't jump over tall *continued*

buildings, even in two bounds. When he took up boxing, people expected him to punch out everyone's lights, a notion he didn't exactly put the damper on by signing autographs as "Too Tall—Next Champ." After his first fight, the feeling was that he was only next chump.

Worst of all, when it came to football, Jones didn't seem to give a damn. Which, to his credit, he admits. "The only reason I was playing football before was just because I had the talent to play," he says. "Football was great. It just didn't happen to be No. 1 with me." This was glum news for the Cowboys, who figured he would be no less than Bob Lilly reincarnate. Dan Dierdorf, an offensive tackle for the St. Louis Cardinals, who has played opposite—and handled—Jones for years, says, "It seemed like he was just putting in his time." Landry was even less enchanted and says of Jones' first five years in the league, "You have to want to achieve to achieve. Before, football didn't appear to be what he wanted to do. He was the typical gifted player who wasn't motivated, and you can go broke on those kind."

There were flashes of brilliance. Dallas fans remember Too Tall's debut, against Atlanta, when he played like a man possessed. In the three playoff games after the 1977 season, including the Super Bowl win over Denver, Jones was marvelous—making 23 tackles, including two quarterback sacks, batting down two passes and forcing two fumbles. In his own defense, Jones says, "Some players give 110% all the time, but they can't make big plays in big games. I make big plays in big games."

That's true. But Jones' intensity has always been suspect. Maybe it's not in his genes. Jones says that whenever the Cowboys lose, his mother, Abbie, responds by laughing. Yet, underlying this lack of fire is the fact that almost everything athletic has come easily to Jones, and he has gone through life believing that there was something more fun just over yonder. Thus, while he was playing football, he wished he was boxing.

But—absolutely out of character—when Jones returned to the Cowboys for the 1980 season, he brought with him to training camp a shiny new attitude. At last football was No. 1. His mind was finally ready to cooperate with his body. "Ed suddenly understood that pro football wasn't such a bad way to make a living," says Brandt.

Dierdorf suddenly found himself taking some serious lumps from Too Tall. "I couldn't believe it," says Dierdorf. "He was 50% better than when he left." If a new mental outlook was the key to the improvement, it also was true that boxing had improved not only Jones' self-discipline but also his speed, agility and flexibility. His pugilistic skills make Jones an especially dangerous customer in a brand-new Dallas drill, based on the Filipino martial art of kali, in which Cowboy players battle each other with rattan sticks to improve what the team's conditioning coach, Bob Ward, calls their "movement orientation."

That Jones suddenly had become hell on wheels was the universal feeling around the NFL—except, predictably, in the mind of Jones, who says last season he played no better, no worse than before. "It's just that people are watching me now to see if I lost a step while I was away," he says. He's wrong, and the proof is on the film. In 1980 this legend who has been known to block a pass with his chest played better than he ever has. The Cowboys tipped 19 passes last year; Jones was credited with 11 of them. He was in on 83 tackles, compared with 74 in 1978, and experts are beginning to believe he isn't blowing smoke when he says, "One day I'll dominate offensive lines. I have that kind of talent."

Jones hates statistics, and that's fair because numbers don't clearly elucidate his accomplishments. First, by nature of Dallas' reading defense and emphasis on finesse, defensive linemen aren't allowed to simply come off the ball with their eyes red and crossed. Also, because Jones generally plays opposite the strong side, it's most often his lot to defend against the run, making sure he turns the ball-carrier into the arms of the Dallas linebackers. On the other end, All-Pro Harvey Martin gets the pleasure *continued*



On a recent trip to Hawaii, Jones got down for some singing with his friend, vocalist Tony Compton, and up for the wedding of Dorsett and Julie Simon.



"Hey, look who switched to Natural Light."

"It's that L. A. Codger himself, Tommy Lasorda. Tommy switched cuz he thinks Natural Light tastes better. That's why he sent those other light beers back to the minors.

See, Tommy doesn't know that Natural Light's great taste comes from using only the finest natural ingredients. All he cares about is taste.

So if it's your turn to go to bat for a great tasting light beer, listen to Tommy's pitch. Signal the beertender for a Natural Light. It's one light beer you'll always want to get your mitts on."

Taste is why you'll switch.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS, MO



INTRODUCING PINNACLE™. THE BALL TOP-FLITE WOULDN'T DARE CHALLENGE.

NEW PINNACLE. THE TEE-TO-GREEN DISTANCE BALL TOP-FLITE COULDN'T BEAT.

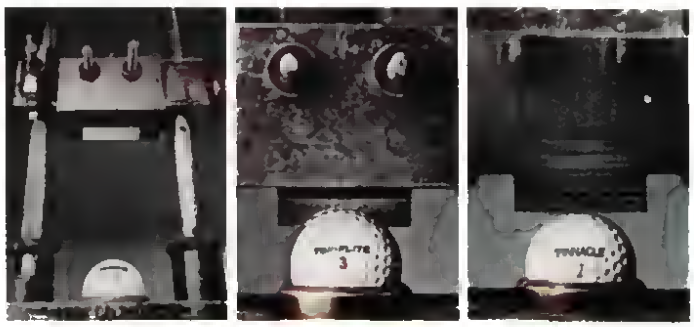


A leading independent testing firm tested our new, no-cut Pinnacle against Top-Flite and Top-Flite XL.

For days, golfers like yourself hit drives and 5-irons, the same kind of "tee-to-green" distance tests used by Top-Flite.

When it was over we had the proof: We believe they wouldn't dare challenge the new, no-cut Pinnacle because not even Top-Flite XL could out-distance it.

NEW PINNACLE. TOUGHER THAN TOP-FLITE, AND A NO-CUT GUARANTEE.*



If you like the durability of a Top-Flite, you have even more reason to make Pinnacle your ball. Here you see what happens when a weighted guillotine is dropped on the Top-Flite. It cuts! But, when the new, no-cut Pinnacle is put to the same test, the guillotine just bounces off.

*We're so sure you won't cut the Pinnacle with a golf club that we guarantee your golf pro shop will replace it—absolutely free—if you do.

The new Pinnacle. Unbeatable distance. Uncuttable cover. The ball they wouldn't dare challenge.



THE NEW PINNACLE™

UNBEATABLE DISTANCE. NO-CUT GUARANTEE.

© 1990 Acushnet Company

A Firebreathing Sale



The Sears Dragon
$8.99

A comfortable polyester and cotton knit. Great fit, great style, great value. In many colors. All 4" off

And its match
$13.99

Complete the combination with a pair of matching poplin slacks in color coordinated solids and checks. Each pair includes a matching stretch belt. You save 4"

You can count on

Sears

Available in most Sears retail stores.
Prices and sizes may vary in Alaska and Hawaii.
© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1981

On sale May 3-16.

of pass rushing most of the time. Nonetheless, the way Jones played last season indicates that at last all is in order for him to shift from great potential to great performance and become an All-Pro.

Preston Pearson, Too Tall's teammate and president of Imperial Investors, Inc., of which Jones is a partner, still insists, "Ed has untapped potential." And Landry says, "The potential is there. But he has to develop a burning desire to be the best. If he uses his forearms and if he decides to unload. . . ." Landry's eyes glaze.

Jones has been plagued by such high expectations since his days at Merry High in Jackson, Tenn., where he would slouch along, attempting to appear shorter than he was, dreading encounters with the typing teacher, who would always say, "Ed, stand up straight. You're going to ruin your posture." Several years later a college teammate gave Jones his nickname, that catchy moniker that has been largely responsible for Jones' landing television commercials, a part in *Diff'rent Strokes* and small roles in several movies. The Tennessee State player—nobody is sure which one—looked at Jones the first day of practice, eyed his Too Short football pants and concluded, "You're too tall to play football." Today, Jones is philosophical about his height, saying, "Anybody more than 6' 4" is tall. After that, it doesn't matter how much taller than tall you are." Except there's a consensus that he's Too Tall.

Especially for boxing Larry Holmes, who likes Jones and once, mock seriously, offered to fight him, says, "I thought he was too awkward, too big. But, man, if I had arms as long as his [an 88-inch reach compared with Holmes' 81], I'd never get hit."

Boxing had always held a fascination for Jones. "It wasn't that I had boxing idols like Liston and Louis and Patterson," he says, "but that *every* boxer was my idol." He decided in 1977 that he couldn't stand being out of the ring any longer and that he would box, but he stayed with the Cowboys because he had two years left on his contract and he felt he should honor it. Until he announced he was quitting the NFL in June, 1979, there was a feeling, Landry says, that "if the money was great enough, we might overcome his lack of enthusiasm for football." To this day Jones insists no amount of money would have kept him in football, and he says of his year in boxing, "Do you have any idea what it feels like to do the one thing you've always wanted to do? Boxing was the best thing that ever happened to Ed Jones."

Well, maybe. For his first pro bout, against one Yaqui Meneses, the television rights were sold to CBS for $27,500. Dave Wolf, Jones' manager, says, "I figured Ed would finish him off so fast that the entire fight would be on the evening news. Instead, it was a fiasco." The bout took place in Las Cruces, N. Mex. The ring ropes were tied with clothesline to keep them from sagging, and Wolf argued that a prefight samurai-sword demonstration, in which the victims had been watermelons, had made the canvas slippery. Jones looked exactly like a man who had never fought before. He won a six-round decision but suffered gross indignity, including being pushed to the canvas by the 6' 2", 204-pound Meneses and then being hit while sitting down.

Throughout an unbeaten six-fight career that included five KO's of tomato cans, Wolf says Jones was "embarrassed by his performance but not to the extent that he gave up out of embarrassment. What we were all amazed at was the animosity he seemed to create. Suddenly, he was the villain, as though he had broken a sacred law by giving up football." Jones' trainer, Murphy Griffith, says, "I think the big problem was everyone thought he was too good a football player to be a novice in a foreign activity—and to look like a novice." Although Too Tall refuses to discuss his reasons for returning to football, he has told intimates that his mother hated boxing. When she had a slight heart attack after his third fight, Jones told friends, "I can't torment her like this."

That's an honorable reason for giving up boxing, but the suspicion lingers that a broken-down ring in Las Cruces is an awfully long way from Texas Stadium. While the money in fighting was fine—during his 10 months in boxing, Jones made about $225,000 in purses vs. his $185,000 a year in football—the glitter of Sunday afternoons beats 6 a.m. roadwork and gruhhy New York City gyms. Jones' buddy, Kane, says, "Deep in his heart, he thought boxing would be a lot easier than it was."



Too Tall plays keepaway from Cowboy hoop squad teammates Danny White, Robert Newhouse, Drew Pearson and Jay Saldi

Being a pro football star does have rewards. For example, last month on the island of Kauai, where Jones had gone to attend the wedding of teammate Tony Dorsett, a woman approached him with a lei, placed it around his neck and said, "Too Tall, you are blessed." Said Jones, who has a strong practical bent, "Are you sure this won't give me a rash on my neck?"

Jones says that his nature, like his height, can lead to misjudgments about him. "The majority of the time when people sum you up, they're wrong," he says. Still it would seem safe to sum up Jones this way: Here's a man who is back in pro football where he belongs and who finally seems to want to be there. If that's so, look out, NFL. "I've never disappointed myself," says Too Tall, "and I've never satisfied myself." For opponents the rhythm and blues song could become *Stormy Sunday*. **END**

IT'S MONEY IN THE BAG

Caddies for the top players on the PGA Tour have discovered that even reflected glory pays nice dividends

by ***WALTER BINGHAM***

Normally his pace is quicker, but the fans asking him to sign autographs or pose for pictures impede his progress. At length he reaches the entrance to the practice putting green, where he carefully sets down the green and white golf bag that belongs to Jack Nicklaus. He's Angelo Argea, Jack's caddie, and now, as he waits for his boss to appear, he signs his name to a picture that shows him laughing it up with Gerald Ford at a recent pro am. Nearby, young John Cook, who won the 1981 Crosby, stands alone and unnoticed.

Chuck, the sports guy from the six o'clock news, has his man, and it's just a matter of seconds, while the crew checks out the lighting and sound, before the camera rolls. Chuck smooths his hair and makes certain his blazer with the emblem is buttoned. "Ready?" he's asked.

Chuck nods. "Hi," he says into the camera. "I'm here with Bruce Edwards, Tom Watson's caddie, and . . ."

Counting retakes, the interview lasts only 10 minutes, which is good. The man from the local newspaper is waiting.

It's the week of the Bob Hope Desert Classic and Phyllis Diller is in Cecil's, a Palm Springs night spot, when a young



man asks her to dance. He looks like a dream, only better, and to Diller's delight, he dances like one, too.

"I could make you a star," she says when the music stops. In Dennis Turning's world, he already is. He caddies for the PGA Tour's No. 4 money-winner in 1980, Andy Bean. For obvious reasons everyone calls him Disco.



Disco doesn't consider working for Bean to be the ultimate hustle. He plans to give other jobs a whirl before he's 40

Caddies—or bag rats, as they call themselves—aren't yet the stars of the show, and not one of them has an agent. They're still definitely second-class citizens on the tour. They don't ride in courtesy cars with the players. They aren't allowed to enter clubhouses which, indeed, were off limits to the touring pros some 50 years ago. Nor are they allowed in locker rooms. And while their pay is improving, especially for those who carry top bags, they must still shop carefully for lodgings and share them. Motels offer rates to players but not to caddies. Getting to and from a course means riding a bus, or four to a taxi, or even hitchhiking. Clubs provide free food for players; caddies aren't so favored, and hot dogs at tournaments go for $1.50.

But it's true that a growing number of caddies are emerging as personalities, and that several of them have become better known to those who follow golf than many of the players. This is partly because so many golfers on the tour look so much alike—whereas caddies don't—and partly because many player-caddie pairings have become as permanent as good marriages. Also, in its quest for new and different ways to cover golf, television has given prominence to those caddies fortunate enough to be in the spotlight week after week.

Argea, unquestionably the most celebrated of his calling, has auditioned for a Lite beer commercial, appeared on *Good Morning America* and co-authored a book—*The Bear and I*—about his years with Nicklaus. He's asked for his autograph no less than 50 times a day, often by club members and marshals of the tournament he's working in. Johnny Miller's reemergence has put Andy Martinez, his caddie for more than a decade, back in the winner's circle, too. During the last round of the L.A. Open, CBS wired Martinez so that viewers could overhear the dialogue between the caddie and his man.

Argea, who has worked for Nicklaus since '63, has served as a maitre d' as well as bag rat for Jack

Emil Smith—known as Smitty on the tour—works for Ben Crenshaw and receives residual payments from Buick for appearing, if ever so briefly, on Crenshaw's car commercial. He could have been in his boss' Canon camera commercial, too, but he didn't like the numbers. "They only wanted to offer up-front money," Smitty claims.

Sammy (Killer) Foy, Hale Irwin's caddie for nine years, is famous for his hats, as TV viewers who watched February's Hawaiian Open, which Irwin won, can attest. Foy's hats come in all shapes and colors. How many does he own? "Aw, I don't know," he says.

"You got 28 of them," says a pal, eavesdropping. "Tell the man."

"But I don't get paid to wear them," says Foy. "I'm a free-lancer."

Killer figured in another sport some 20 years ago. In his prime—he admits only to being in his late 40s—he claims to have been a good middleweight boxer. Foy's smile, which reveals an absence of teeth on the upper right side of his mouth, would seem to authenticate that—or at least indicate that he took part in numerous battles of a more informal sort.

Though he keeps his comic talents hidden from the public and press, other caddies insist that Herman Mitchell—Mitch to everyone—can be even funnier than his boss, Lee Trevino. Star material, they say. Should have his own network show. Mitch is built along the lines of Sydney Greenstreet, and one fears that the strain of carrying his own weight plus Trevino's 50 pounds of bag and clubs will someday exact its toll on an uphill par-5.

All caddies accompany their bosses to the practice range after a round. Some, like Edwards, become active participants, checking on some aspect of the golfer's swing. "Knuckles O.K.?" asks Watson.

"Good, good," replies Edwards.

Other caddies pass the time during

continued



Edwards remains Watson's faithful supporter

practice by merely sitting on the golf bag, rising only to bring a new club to the golfer. Mitch usually finds himself a chair and collapses into it, Trevino's bag beside him. When Lee wants a club, he comes to Mitch so that the big man doesn't have to discomfort himself.

Argea, on the other hand, is always on the go—at least his mouth is. He'll chat with anyone—fellow caddies, players, club members, fans, reporters and television folk. In fact, getting a moment alone with him around a clubhouse is virtually impossible. He's instantly recognizable, partly because he has for more than 18 years carried the bag of perhaps the game's greatest player, but mostly because, tall and slim, with a swarthy complexion, a head of frizzy gray hair and a luxuriant mustache, he looks as if he should be somebody important, an Italian movie director, perhaps, or a couturier. The only thing marring the image is the pair of horn-rimmed glasses he must now wear to follow the flight of the ball, a concession to his 51 years.

Argea—a shortening of his original Greek name, Argeropoulos—had been bumming around Las Vegas for some years before he met Nicklaus. "Essentially, he has been retired since he was 21," Nicklaus says. In early 1963, one of the owners of the Desert Inn asked Argea to caddie for him in the Hope pro-am. Argea agreed and drove to Palm Springs only to find that because of a caddie shortage all available bag rats had to sign up with pros, whose names were listed on a sheet. Argea put his name next to Nicklaus', not with any sense of destiny—this was only Nicklaus' second year as a pro—but because he had read that Jack was suffering from a hip injury and might not play, and Angelo figured he could then go back to his Desert Inn friend and a larger paycheck.

But Nicklaus did play and did win, and the long-standing relationship was begun. In those days caddies rarely toured, so Argea worked for Nicklaus only in the West, but his batting average was remarkably high—five wins in six outings. And Nicklaus is a very superstitious fellow; if his wife, Barbara, serves him a cheese omelet for breakfast on the first day of a tournament and he shoots 67, it's cheese omelets the rest of the week. Seeing a good-luck charm as well as a good caddie, Nicklaus signed Argea on full time in 1968. Eventually, Argea moved to Florida and bought a townhouse in Palm Beach Gardens. "It cost $34,000, and it's worth $62,000 now," he says with a trace of pride. His place is a five-minute drive from Nicklaus', so he's available whenever Jack needs him. Argea also caddies on occasion for Nicklaus' children, most often Jackie Jr., who's on the University of North Carolina golf team. But contrary to popular belief, that's all Argea does. He doesn't double as chauffeur, handyman or valet.



Last month at the Tournament of Champions, Trevino and Mitchell proved to be a winning combination

Unlike all other tour caddies, Argea works for a straight salary, in his case thought to be roughly $35,000. If the boss wins a tournament, Argea gets a bonus. If the tournament is a major, the bonus is larger—which means that when Nicklaus won both the U.S. Open and PGA Championship, 1980 became a very good year for Argea. But if the boss misses winning by only a single stroke, Argea gets nothing extra. Nicklaus pays all his caddie's expenses on the road. "He's very good to me," Argea says. "Last year he gave me a 33% raise in expenses."

At 41, Nicklaus plays at most 15 tournaments a year, and the day is fast approaching when he'll retire, except for appearances at a major or two each season. Then what will happen to Argea?

continued

BLUEPRINT FOR QUALITY

MORE MILES PER GALLON. MORE YEARS PER CAR.

Today most everyone wants a high-mileage car.

But sometimes the car that goes further on a gallon also goes faster to a trade-in.

Not the Datsun 210. It offers you the mileage you're counting on and the longevity you're dreaming of.

It guards against rattles with a body that's fused into one solid piece by thousands of welds, not held together by nuts and bolts. You know how fast rattles can shake you of that new car feeling.

It's protected against rust with panels of galvanized steel, coatings of zinc, yards of sealers and treatments of anti-chipping compound. You know how fast rust can dim your new-car glow.

36 EPA EST. **47** HWY EST. **MPG***

It's an engine that has satisfied drivers for almost 400 billion miles.

Extra life is built into the engine by a massive five-main-bearing crankshaft.

Inside there are rich, roomy seats. Big, readable instruments. Stalk controls. Electric rear-window defroster. And a level of workmanship you'd be proud to call your own.

See for yourself at your Datsun dealer.

From the Nissan Motor Co., Ltd., world-wide leader in automotive excellence.



DATSUN 210 MPG

*Standard 5-speed with MPG 1.4-liter engine, not available in California, where the best EPA estimate is 31 MPG, 44 estimated highway for a 210 5-speed. EPA estimates are for comparison. Actual mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less.

DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN

NISSAN

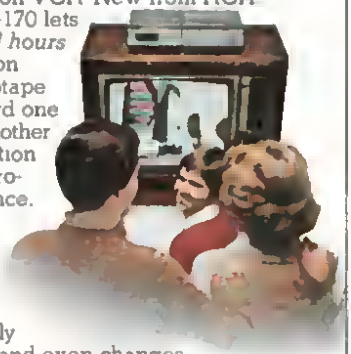
INTRODUCING THE TWO-IN-ONE VIDEO RECORDER FROM RCA:

CONVERTIBLE SELECTAVISION

RECORD THE BEST TELEVISION SHOWS.

This is the videotape recorder you've been waiting for. Convertible SelectaVision VCR. New from RCA.

Our new model VFP-170 lets you *record up to six full hours* of your favorite television shows on a single videotape cassette. It lets you record one show while you watch another. And it gives you the option of playing back those programs at your convenience.



You can even record while you're away from home. Convertible SelectaVision has a *14-day programmable memory* that automatically turns itself on and off—and even changes channels—when you've got places to go and people to see.

And that's just for starters. Because Convertible SelectaVision doesn't just make it *easy to record* your favorite shows on videotape. It makes it *fun to watch* them, too.

There's a twelve-function remote control unit that lets you play back your tapes with special effects like *slow motion, frame-by-frame advance* and *stop action*.

Want to locate your favorite scenes? Press the picture search button, and you can review cassettes in high-speed forward or reverse motion without having the screen go dark. And you can edit out unwanted programming with the *remote pause* while you're recording—all from the convenience of your chair.

Now, this might seem like a lot for any video recorder to do. But Convertible SelectaVision is really two video recorders in one. And this is only half the story.

For the complete line of SelectaVision VCR models and color video cameras write to: RCA Consumer Electronics, Department 32-312, 600 North Sherman Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46201.

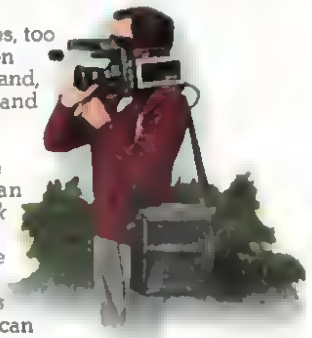
CONVERT IT TO A HOME MOVIE OUTFIT.

Chances are, some of the best shows you watch on Convertible SelectaVision will be family entertainment programs—*starring your own family*.

That's because Convertible SelectaVision gives you the option of adding a videotape camera (RCA's new CC010 would be an excellent choice). And *converting* the recorder to a home movie outfit that you can use indoors or out.

Birthdays, weddings, Bar Mitzvahs, reunions. The best family times all become Prime Time material when you've got Convertible SelectaVision.

It's lightweight, compact and has a *built-in, rechargeable battery*. So you can carry it most anywhere. And videotape your family and friends for *over an hour on a single charge*.



There are practical uses, too. Convertible SelectaVision can videotape your backhand, your sales presentations and record your possessions for insurance purposes.

Best of all, Convertible SelectaVision gives you an *instant television playback* of whatever you record. No waiting for expensive film processing. No additional screens or projectors. And, because videotape can be used again and again, no money wasted on bad film.

Convertible SelectaVision. It's the *two-in-one* video recorder you've been waiting for. And it's waiting for *you* at your RCA Dealer's now.

RCA

Let RCA turn your television into

SelectaVision®



"He'll always have a job with me," says Nicklaus. Recently Golden Bear Inc. invested in a restaurant in a North Palm Beach shopping center and Angelo became the maitre d'. "I saved $30 a day in food if nothing else," he says.

"You should have seen him greeting all those old ladies at lunch," says Barabara Nicklaus. "He'd be so charming." At one point Argea referred to the place as "his" restaurant. "So now it's *his*," says Barbara, rolling her eyes. Which may someday be true. Golden Bear Inc., while no longer involved in that particular enterprise, is searching for another restaurant. John Purcell, a friend of Nicklaus' who has a popular eatery in Vail, Colo., may try his luck in Florida. If so, look for Angelo out front. "Jack's annuity to his caddie," says a friend.

Edwards, for one, doesn't envy Argea. "I wouldn't want all the attention he gets unless it could be converted into money," says Watson's caddie. And yet, as the carrier of the hottest bag on the tour, Edwards is rapidly headed in that direction. His visibility the past few years has been far greater than any other caddie's. All he lacks is some readily identifiable physical characteristic, say Mitch's girth or Argea's coiffure. As it is, Edwards is simply an engaging young man of 26, trim and 6 feet tall, with a winning smile not unlike the one that's his boss' trademark. In fact, with only a slight adjustment, such as putting the bag on Watson's shoulder instead of Edwards', one could double as the other.

Edwards was 18 when he joined the tour as a high school graduate with no ambition of going to college. He had been traveling from tournament to tournament, working for the likes of Bob Shaw, Ron Cerrudo and Artie McNickle, when on the Tuesday afternoon before the 1973 St. Louis Golf Classic, he was stretched out under an elm, talking with a friend. A young player who had finished 79th on the money list the year before came out of the locker room. "Ask him if he needs a caddie," the friend suggested. Edwards did. Watson tied for sixth in St. Louis and Edwards thought "Oh, oh, this guy can play a little." The two have been together ever since. Edwards once having even survived the caddie's nightmare, missing tee-off time. After staying up far into the night playing poker, he awoke at 9 for a 9:01 start. Watson took the lapse in good humor.

Like most caddies, Edwards works for a small salary—typically $200 a week—plus a percentage of his player's earnings. A normal percent is five, which, if applied to Watson's nearly $1 million in earnings over the past two years, would mean that Edwards has raked in $50,000, plus his salary. Only Bruce, Tom and Linda Watson—who writes the checks—know for sure. Both Watsons are encouraging Edwards to attend college, but he's in no hurry. "I feel as if I've invested in a good stock on Wall Street and now it's paying off," he says. "I'm not going to get out now." He did take a semester of classes at North Texas State last fall, a slack time on the tour, and now that he has a steady girl, a breathtaking blonde named Laura Jones, the tour has lost some of its luster for him. "It's still a learning experience," he says. "A stepping-stone into society. One day I'd like to be in radio or TV and I talked to Bryant Gumbel about it recently at a pro-am. There's no way you're going to find me out here at 40."

Which is the way Disco Turning feels. He and Edwards were friends in Hartford, and when Disco joined the tour he quickly landed a solid, money-making pro in Tom Kite. But last year at the British Open he switched when Bean's bag opened up. Nothing personal, it's just that Bean earns about $100,000 a year more than Kite.



Miller and Martinez know four eyes can be better than two

At 26, 6′ 3″ and 180, Disco is already legendary for his ability to attract women of all ages. Like that of many caddies, his dress on a golf course is every bit as snappy as a golfer's, simply because one pro or another—in Disco's case, Pete Jacobsen—passes along his freebies. But Disco adds an extra touch, a gold chain with a pendant of a caddie lugging a bag. Off the course it's designer jeans, Yves Saint Laurent sports jackets and a different pendant that reads "10½." Forget it, Andy Bean. As Edwards says, "Disco goes top line."

But Disco too realizes that eventually the glamour of such tour stops as Palm Springs, Pebble Beach, Hawaii and Los Angeles will fade, and he's looking to the future. "*GQ* magazine has shown an interest in me as a model," he says. "And I think I might do well as a golf sales *representative*." All he knows for sure is that, like Edwards, he doesn't plan to be around when he's 40.

Many caddies are. "Once you're here it's hard to get away," says Ernest (Creamy) Carolan, who is 66 and has caddied for Ben Hogan, Arnold Palmer and Ray Floyd. "Look at it down there. It's beautiful," he says. Creamy is standing outside, of course, *outside* L.A.'s Riviera Country Club, looking at the acres of grass and eucalyptus trees in the valley below. "There's something haunting about getting up at dawn and walking a golf course, checking pin placements. It's easy to lose track of reality." **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



A notice to managers and clerks in lingerie, secondhand clothing, wig, fabric, crafts and artists supply shops: If John Betts, age 43, 5′ 9″, 165 pounds, blond hair, blue eyes, residing at 49 Gillespie Avenue, Fair Haven, N.J. 07701, enters your establishment, whips out a 10-power magnifying glass and begins to fondle a toupee, sigh over paintbrush bristles or ooh and ah over nightgowns, peignoirs and other froufrou of the boudoir, be assured he is legit. Betts isn't a fetishist, he's a flytier, and the flies he ties, usually concocted entirely from synthetic materials, bid fair to cause a revolution in fly-fishing.

In recent years an increasing number of flytiers have been turning to synthetics in place of the traditional fur and feathers, but no one is close to Betts in the range and creativity of his forays off the beaten path. He has devised a whole series of extraordinarily realistic and durable flies for fresh and salt water out of the new materials, and some of his "tying" techniques, such as using the flame of a cigarette lighter to make insect bodies from polypropylene yarn, are as novel as the far-out materials he employs. Compared to Betts, other tiers practicing with synthetics are at the "Chopsticks" level, while he is playing Bach. "Betts has a unique mind," says Ted Niemeyer, the fly tying editor of *Fly Fisherman* magazine. "He can take synthetic materials and find multiple uses for them. He just doesn't develop a body or a wing, but a whole fly."

All of which leads to the question: How well do the wonder-fabric flies do on fish? "I caught more fish, and bigger fish, last year than I ever caught before," says Betts. "On my last cast on the last day of the '80 season, I caught a 4½-pound brown trout on one of my synthetic *continued*

GOTCHA! HOOK, LINE AND LINGERIE

Nothing's sacred when John Betts scouts synthetics to use in his revolutionary flies ***by ROBERT H. BOYLE***



A Frederick's of Hollywood retail store in Livingston, N.J. is mined by Betts in his unending quest to make his fishing flies the most seductive available





A halo of bubbles surrounds one of Betts' color-your-own streamers and a nymph (top). At his vise, Betts fashions a wing from a plastic sandwich bag

nymphs." Others who use Betts' flies agree that they are extraordinary. Dr. Heinz Meng, professor of biology at the State University of New York at New Paltz, says of Betts' mayflies, "They're the best. They *look* like a mayfly; they land like a mayfly; they float like a mayfly . . . fish go wild over them."

A couple of years ago Betts sent some of his first synthetic mayflies to Robert Rifchin in Natick, Mass. Rifchin is the editor of *The Roundtable*, a magazine published by United Fly Tyers, Inc., and he sees a lot of flies and hears a lot of claims about them. "I was very skeptical until I went to the pond at a local trout club," Rifchin says. "The fish really get pounded by the members, and as a result they become extremely selective. I went there in the fifth week of the season, and the trout were so wary no one could catch a thing. I tied on one of John's mayflies and cast it out. I caught a trout. I caught another trout. I caught another. I caught another. In fact, I caught 63 of them. Then I went to a local stream and caught more trout on the fly. His mayflies are exceptional."

The once skeptical Rifchin is just getting warmed up. Last year, he goes on, he and Betts fished the Delaware together to study the efficacy of a polypropylene minnow that Betts had devised. Rifchin says, "I was using a smelt imitation, a modified Grey Ghost streamer. John's polypropylene minnow was the same color. It was a fair comparison. We fished the same water, cast for cast. John had follow after follow, strike after strike, fish after fish. I only got two.

"Then there's John's spoon fly," Rifchin continues. "He makes a small loop of monofilament line and dips it into Pliobond cement to form a sticky membrane. He then dips this into powdered metal. You put the spoon fly, which has a small hole in it, on the leader just ahead of the hook so that it wobbles and flashes but won't catch on the point. John sent me one last year, and I took it along with me to Cape Cod when I went to fish a stream with sea-run browns. A friend was fishing a pool there and we could see fish over 25 inches long. My friend got nothing, and after he gave up, I fished the pool. I tried everything standard with little success. Then I tried the spoon fly. On my second pass a big female, 28½ inches long and weighing 7½ pounds, swam over and ate it. It was the biggest trout I'd ever caught, and this was right in the middle of a hot August day. I've since caught fish of 22, 23, 25 inches on that spoon fly."

Then there are Betts' caddis flies. Peter Dully of Englewood, N.J. uses the adult caddis patterns on landlocked salmon in Maine. "The most fantastic flies I've ever used," he says. "They're unbelievable. They'll turn fish on when nothing else will. In fact, I use them when you think you might have to use a stick of dynamite. And the flies are rugged. One caddis fly I used caught 14 landlocked salmon."

Like his flies, Betts is a bit far out. He considers himself "the most conservative and conforming person I know," yet at age 16 he wired his fingers apart so he could play octaves on the piano. He often ties flies while listening to classical music on hi-fi and watching commercials on TV at the same time. "TV is about commercials," he says. "I love trash." He is also a bird watcher ("I learned to read with a bird book"), and several years ago he was the first to spot a European widgeon that had been blown off course and wintered in the

continued


IMPORTED
NEW YORK NY
SERVE AT 45-50°F
Heineken
SPECIAL DARK BEER
Heineken
BREWED IN HOLLAND
Dark, Dutch, and delicious.
Heineken Special Dark, the mellow, year-round dark beer.

The pleasure is back.



BARCLAY

99% tar free.

Also available in 100's and Box

Kings and Box, 1 mg "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine.
100's, 3 mg "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.





U-HAUL ..has it all*

* EVERYTHING FOR MOVING

Wherever you're going, whatever you're moving, U-Haul has everything you need. Trucks, trailers, packing boxes, hand trucks, furniture pads, hitches, tow bars. Everything from self-storage rooms to packing and loading help.

* TRIM LINE GAS SAVER FLEET

The rental fleet designed specifically for household moving. For the care and protection of your personal possessions. U-Haul moves families — not freight.

* SAVINGS IN MONEY, TIME & WORRY

U-Haul will match any competitor's rate, discount or guarantee.† And U-Haul has more than 7,000 Moving Centers and Dealers ready to support your move.

* SAFETY & SECURITY

Over 70 million family moves have been made the do-it-yourself way with U-Haul. Your safety and security is our primary objective.

* Plus WIN A MILLION Sweepstakes

Study this ad and discover why millions of families save millions with U-Haul products and services. And you could win a million dollars in the U-Haul "Win A Million" Sweepstakes! Official Entry Forms, rules and full details are available only at U-Haul Moving Centers and participating Dealers. See the White Pages for your nearest U-Haul location.



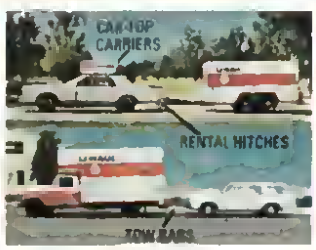
No purchase or rental required. Sweepstakes open to licensed drivers 18 years and over residing in the 18 conterminous United States. Limit one Entry Form per family per visit per week. Void wherever prohibited by law. Sweepstakes ends April 30, 1982. The odds of winning will depend upon the number of entries received. RESIDENTS OF OHIO ONLY may receive an Entry Form and details by submitting a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: U-HAUL OHIO ENTRY FORMS, P.O. BOX 21503, PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85036. Requests must be received by March 31, 1982.

U-HAUL
MOVING & STORAGE

For Savings, Safety & Security. . U-Haul has it all.









EXCEPT WHERE DISTRIBUTION FEES APPLY

middle of Rumson, N.J. A graduate of Lawrenceville School in New Jersey, Betts flunked out of Washington & Lee his freshman year because he spent 10 to 14 hours a day practicing in the pool so he could make the swimming team. "I wanted to be recognized," he explains. "I wanted everyone at college to call me by my first name. The coach was delighted. I made the team, everyone learned my first name, but I wasn't around the second term to answer to it."

Betts enlisted in the Air Force and served four years in Texas as a medic. Upon his discharge, he returned to Washington & Lee for a semester and then dropped out because, among other reasons, he wasn't allowed to have a car. So Betts embarked upon a series of odd jobs. He worked as a laborer in a concrete-pipe factory in Cheyenne, Wyo. and then spent a year in England as a groundskeeper for Peter Scott, the noted ornithologist and artist, and the Wildfowl Trust in Slimbridge. Betts' principal task consisted of shooing cackling geese away from the house so Scott could paint and write a book about waterfowl without being disturbed.

Back in the U.S., Betts worked as a loan collector for a bank in Denver, but left to take a job in another concrete-pipe plant after he was thrown through a screen door by a pugnacious delinquent. He moved back East to work as a lathe operator for Johns-Manville in New Jersey and then was employed by the Orvis Company in Manchester, Vt., where he repaired reels, shipped parcels and clerked. He was fired after a year and a half. "I was never able to complete anything," he says. He worked for a vet and then for a silversmith at $1.45 an hour. The silversmith suggested that Betts go to college on the GI Bill. "I thought that was for poor people," Betts said. The silversmith looked at him. "What do you think *you* are?"

In 1967 Betts enrolled at the University of Vermont to study forestry. "I loved it," he says. "I did a 4½-year program in 3½ years and I never cut a class." After graduating, he worked a while for a landscaper in Vermont, and then, in 1973, went into that business on his own in New Jersey. One of his specialties is bonsai. He has a Scotch pine 35 to 40 years old that is 19 inches high, with tiny needles, and azaleas that are probably 40 years old and only eight inches high.

A flytier since he was eight, Betts began tying orthodox ones professionally six years ago, and in 1977 he began to fiddle around with synthetics. He did so because of philosophical and economic considerations. "I couldn't afford to fish with bamboo rods, silk lines and gut leaders," he says. "Like most other fishermen I use fiber-glass rods, plastic-coated fly lines and nylon leaders, and synthetic flies seem appropriate. I'm also not putting any demands on animal populations for feathers and fur for flies. I used to hunt a lot and I kept every fish I caught. Now I release every fish I catch, and I don't hunt. I don't want to sound soapy, but killing for sport was no longer necessary for me."

Betts' first all-synthetic fly was made of polypropylene. Called Poly-Fly, it had two looped wings that looked like ears, four fuzzy legs, a floppy detached body and tails. Although the fly floated well in rough water and took fish, Betts was dismayed by Poly's slovenly appearance, and that winter he descended into his freezing basement to redesign the fly and make it "socially acceptable," as he writes in *Synthetic Flies*, a 68-page hand-lettered book he recently wrote and published on his own. The following spring, Betts

continued



A Fabric-wing fly rests lightly and realistically on the surface film (above), a Grasshopper's articulated legs can make it seem to struggle in the water



emerged from his basement with a realistic mayfly with upright synthetic wings and immediately headed for a local pond, confident that like the Gossamer Condor, he was destined for a "flight into fame and immortality."

The fly proved a clunker, its rigid wings twisted the leader and caused the fly to land upside down on the water. Betts decided he would try blow-line fishing, an old Irish technique in which the wind blows the fly and light line over the surface of the water. He made a 13½-foot telescoping rod from two fiber-glass blanks, inserted one-pound-test line inside the hollow rod, returned to the pond, tied on the fly and held the rod up in the air. Static electricity in the rod's walls bound the line to the fiber glass. Tenderly he pulled 60-odd feet of spidery line out from the rod on the lawn bordering the pond. With that, he let the wind launch his fly and line. "Once in the air the effect was truly amazing," Betts writes in *Synthetic Flies*. "At 80 feet the line billowed and blew, and the fly sailed and skimmed over the water. A sudden dead spot put the fly down for an instant, in that space a tiny perch grabbed it. With his strike he parted the line instantly.

"Soon I had another fly in the air at 80 feet, but against light reflecting from the water's surface, the fly was hard to see. I had to keep waving this long rod around to make the fly move enough to make itself visible. After a bit I found that no amount of waving made anything visible. I couldn't figure out what was wrong—until I noticed that the line itself was missing. My fly and over 80 feet of line were wafting off on their own."

Never one to give up, Betts corrected the aerodynamics of the wings and devised a mayfly that would cast easily



Betts checks the action of a spoon made of monofilament line and glue



A nylon organza Crab has a fearsome aspect in the palm of its creator

and land right side up on the water. For wings, he likes to use either white organza, a nylon monofilament used for bridal gowns, or plastic bags. To give the wing a veined effect, he holds a sheet of plastic against his leg and gently buffs it with sandpaper. Legs are often composed of synthetic White Sable paintbrush fibers tapered at the tips. Using these and other materials, he has tied nymphs and dry flies to hooks as small as a minuscule size 28. His minnows can be used with effect in either fresh or salt water; his shrimp and crab patterns are for salt water. The crab is an ingenious pattern. It is tied backward on the hook, claws extended. When the crab fly settles on the bottom and is retrieved, it scuttles backward, the hook point plowing up sand or mud and the claws waving in a threatening fashion, very similar to a real-life crab on the run.

As a general rule, Betts uses white synthetics. If he wants, say, a green drake mayfly, a blue-claw crab or a black-nosed dace minnow, he colors the white fly with waterproof marking pens. Should a different-colored species of any of these be what the fish are really after, Betts simply dips the fly into Carbona to turn it white again. Then he marks it anew in the appropriate colors. When occasion demands, Betts will use a material already colored, such as a vibrant creamy yellow see-through vest ("I guess it's what you'd call a vest," he says) that he got at Frederick's of Hollywood. "It has a fleshy and luscious look," he says. "When you color it with a brown marking pen, you get olive, and I've used this for caddis wings."

Betts charges $2.50 to $3 for each of his flies, more than double the going rate for standard flies. If the customers like the flies, they can easily learn to tie their own with materials that are readily available, thanks to modern technology. "I'm not interested in keeping any of this to myself," Betts says. "I've no desire to patent my flies, and I don't want a captive audience. I want all these synthetic flies and techniques to belong to the world. Why? Because synthetic flies will make fly-fishing more popular, just as fiber-glass rods did. And the more people who fly-fish, the more people will join Trout Unlimited or the Theodore Gordon Flyfishers and see to it that we have wise stewardship of our natural resources. If I can help do that by devising synthetic flies, I'll feel as though I've made my contribution to the world." **END**

Isn't it time to give a real tax break to savers?

For some time, we've been pointing out that Americans save an average of only 5.5% of their income—while Britons save an average of 13%, West Germans 15% and Japanese a healthy 26%.

Why? The U.S. actually discourages saving by taxing so much of the interest earned. That's why we think Congress should raise the limits on tax-free savings interest to $1,000 for individuals and $2,000 for joint tax returns.

We've been asking you to vote on this issue, and so far we're averaging 12,000 ballots a day—with 99% in favor.

We also think Congress should approve tax-deferred Individual Retirement Accounts (IRAs) for everyone. This would encourage millions of Americans to save now for retirement, which could relieve some of the pressure on our Social Security System.

What do you think? Please fill out the ballot and let us know. If the ballot has already been removed from this page, you can still vote at your nearby Savings & Loan Association.

If we all speak up, Washington will listen.

The Savings & Loan Foundation

© 1981. The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc.,
1111 "E" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., 20004.

BALLOT

Question: Should the first $1,000-$2,000* of interest on savings be tax-free? ☐ Yes ☐ No

*$1,000 for individuals, $2,000 for joint tax returns

Question: Should everyone be entitled to a tax-deferred retirement account? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Please fill out this ballot and drop in the ballot box in your nearby Savings and Loan office, or mail to The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., P.O. Box 461, Washington, D.C. 20044

Name _____

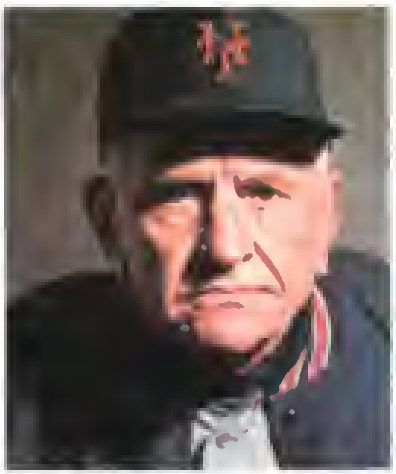
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If we all speak up, Washington will listen.

Z1

by Robert W. Creamer



Stengel the real thing as Met manager in 1962

The theater and public television pay respects to Stengel, with mixed results

Casey here, Casey there



The stage version with Paul Dooley not too bad



PBS' show with Charles Durning worth seeing

Harold Rosenthal, who wrote baseball for the *New York Herald Tribune* when Casey Stengel was managing the Yankees to 10 pennants in 12 years, said the other day, "I see they're digging up the old man." Rosenthal, one of the reporters Stengel used to call "my writers," spoke irreverently but fondly. He was referring to two practically simultaneous one-man shows—one on TV, the other on stage—in which actors deliver monologues based on things Stengel said and did during his long and colorful life (he died at age 85 in 1975). The TV production, starring Charles Durning, will be shown on *The Hallmark Hall of Fame* on PBS next Tuesday night. The stage show, starring Paul Dooley, finishes a limited engagement at New York City's American Place Theater this weekend.

By all means watch the TV show. It isn't as lively as the stage version, but it's still Casey Stengel, and Stengel, even watered down, is always worth paying attention to. The old stories (the sparrow under the cap, the grapefruit dropped from the airplane) are mixed in with passages of vintage Stengelese ("This fella runs splendid, great on the bases, best I ever see, which coming from the country in the state of Louisiana chasing rabbits all winter give him strong legs"), and Durning, a skillful actor, uses the material to considerable effect.

The format is fairly simple. The time is Feb. 13, 1969, in Glendale, Calif. Stengel, now 78 and retired from baseball, is being honored by the local Chamber of Commerce. He accepts a handsome sterling-silver tray and then regales the crowd with a rambling hour-long acceptance speech that includes stories from nearly every decade of his life. A typical Stengel performance. And it's fun. You'll probably enjoy it.

I think I'm trying to be polite. I believe most people who watch the show *will* enjoy it, and I applaud Hallmark and Durning and everyone associated with the production for putting it on. I only wish it were better, that more time and care and imagination had gone into the show's preparation. As it is, the production is slapdash and amateurish. There is one simple set: an open stage in a small auditorium. Durning wears a business suit, as Casey would have on such an occasion, and augments it only by putting on and taking off a couple of major league warmup jackets and a few baseball caps from the teams he played for and managed. The show makes no use of the magic that can be created on TV. The camera angles are pretty much the same throughout the hour, which gets kind of tiring, although midway, for some reason, we are given one brief shot from the side, as though we had crept backstage to peek at Stengel from the wings.

The monologue Durning was given to work with is skillful enough, a succession of gags and coherent anecdotes designed to tell the story of Casey's life. But if this soliloquy is supposed to represent Stengel at the top of his form, it's a pale imitation of the James Joycean scramble such a talk was really like, with its anecdotes wandering off in three or four directions at once, its nuances of description or definition lost on the unmitiated, the whole suddenly snapped together with an abrupt, incongruous but somehow relentlessly logical Stengelian ending.

But then it's probably impossible to recreate precisely a Stengel discourse—not to mention his gravelly, nonstop growl.

continued

©1981 Volkswagen of America



25 YEARS LATER THE BEST MILEAGE CARS IN AMERICA ARE STILL CALLED VOLKSWAGEN



They're called Rabbit Diesel. Estimated 42 mpg. Dasher Wagon. Estimated 36 mpg. Pickup Diesel. Estimated 37 mpg. And Rabbit Convertible (4-seater). Estimated 25 mpg. Each one is the best mileage car in its class. (Use these EPA estimates for comparisons. Actual mileage varies with speed, trip length, weather.)

And, to celebrate 25 years of being Volkswagen in America, our mileage champs and all our other silver anniversary Volkswagens are now at silver anniversary prices.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY VOLKSWAGENS. SILVER ANNIVERSARY PRICES.



Fleischmann's® Margarine. 100% corn oil. No cholesterol.

Take it from Mrs. Frank Gifford.
She uses Fleischmann's for four good reasons. It's the only leading margarine that's made from 100% corn oil. It has 0% cholesterol. It's low in saturated fats. And that great Fleischmann's taste makes it just the thing for a low-cholesterol modified-fat diet.



Take it from Standard Brands

© Standard Brands Incorporated 1981

Durning said he spoke to some people who had known Stengel and wished he had had time to talk to more. Dooley, in discussing the stage production with Ira Berkow of *The New York Times*, said, "I looked at film clips of Casey and listened to tapes, and I couldn't understand how he did it. He never seemed to stop for commas or periods. When I tried it, I hyperventilated. I had to find my own cadence or die."

Rosenthal's wry, amused remark points up the problem. You can dig up the old man, but that doesn't mean you can bring him back to life. Those who knew Stengel or who had the good fortune to hear one of his impromptu lectures on baseball and life and who are hoping for more of the same in the PBS production will be disappointed. Durning doesn't look or sound like Casey. (Nor does Dooley, for that matter.) It just isn't Casey. It's an actor playing a role.

Nothing wrong with that. What is wrong, though, is the failure to do more with Stengel as a character. In Durning, the TV people had one of the best character actors around, a man who has skillfully handled a broad spectrum of roles. If anyone could have gotten across the complexities of Stengel's nature, Durning could have: not just the rambling stories, but the caustic, sometimes brutal sarcasm; not just the amusing side of his lifelong love affair with baseball, but his serious, perceptive understanding of the game; not just the clown cheerfully gamboling his way through the years, but the intensely competitive man who, as Stengel himself once said, had "been up and down" in his life. We get little sense of those ups and downs, how he enjoyed the former and the strength and imagination with which he overcame the latter. The TV Casey is one-dimensional, a bit monotonous, oddly stolid.

The play is better. Not great, just better. The stage is small but the setting is imaginative: a mini-dugout, a mini-locker room, a ball-park organ and a lady organist who exchanges some dialogue with Casey. Dooley, also a first-rate actor, uses the entire stage and his graceful comical body to convey a more rounded picture of Stengel, from youthful ballplayer to middle-aged manager to ancient sage. One high point, surprisingly absent from the TV show, is Casey's memorable appearance in 1958 before a Senate subcommittee investigating baseball's longstanding exemption from the antitrust laws. Offstage a Senator asks questions, and Dooley/Stengel ripostes with baseball history cum doubletalk that remains some of the most unforgettable testimony ever heard on Capitol Hill. The ending of the play is impressive, too. Although sentimental, it is far more subtle and significant than the bland conclusion of the TV hour. Stengel, now an ailing octogenarian watching a ball game on TV, pulls himself painfully to his feet for the national anthem, growling to himself, "I might as well do this one last time." A touching moment.

The stage beats TV in this one, but even when your team loses, a ball game is fun to watch. Go watch Casey. END



by Walter Bingham

The heat is on with Heaton

Neal Heaton and his 93-mph fastball are the University of Miami's top attraction

Ask Coach Ron Fraser to talk about his Miami Hurricanes and he'll say certainly, but first he'll mention the night of March 25 when he inveigled a local bank into spreading $5,000 in dollar bills, plus one $100 bill, over his infield and then let the holders of two lucky numbers come down from the stands and scoop up all they could in 30 seconds.

"We had two big clocks on the field," Fraser says, beaming. "One fan was an elderly lady, and she went about it as if she were picking daisies in a field. Very deliberately. She got $84. The other was a college kid, and he tore around like crazy, grabbing, grabbing. He had trouble holding all his money until he opened his shirt and stuffed it in there. He got us for $144. The crowd loved it. We had police with dogs lining the foul lines, but that was just for show."

Fine, Ron. Now let's hear about Neal Heaton, the big junior lefthander who is 10–0 this season with a 1.96 ERA, who struck out 23 Indiana State batters on March 10 and who surely will be selected in the first round of the major league draft this June.

"On April 14," Fraser begins, "we let everyone in free who had a 1040 form. We had tax experts in a booth on top of a dugout, answering questions and helping folks fill them out. When the game was over, there was a mail truck outside the stadium to take everything to the post office before midnight." Fraser has long been the P.T. Barnum of the college game (SI, May 30, 1977), but now he's on a special crusade. Last summer his baseball budget was sliced—make that butchered—from $100,000 to $31,000, and he faced the possibility of having the bottom drop out of his program. Ron Fraser does not go quietly.

"I decided to run this team exactly like a minor league operation," he says. "We set out to earn $250,000 this season, and we made business the bottom line." Last Friday night, when a crowd of 3,506 showed up at Mark Light Stadium to watch Miami edge Florida International 8–7, total attendance reached 129,213. The college record is 131,481, set by Arizona State in 1978, so the Hurricanes, with four home games remaining, will break it this week, and the $250,000 is virtually in hand.

At every game Fraser has come up with a new promo, a different hype, such as chances on a Windjammer cruise or a trip to this year's World Series. One evening a $1,500 diamond pendant—donated, of course—was given away. The night before Miami played the University of Maine, Fraser flew in 1,000 Maine lobsters and clams for an on-field "lobster bake"—at $25 a head.

Enough! There are also baseball games at the Light, and the home team has won all but two this season. The Hurricanes are 45–4 and ranked No. 2 in the country, behind Arizona State. Three of their victories were over Southern California, and those losses cost Trojan Coach Rod Dedeaux dinner for 35, the entire Miami squad. "It was supposed to be just me," Fraser says, kiddingly, "but I brought a few friends."

If all goes well, Miami will win its regional and qualify for the College World Series in Omaha. Fraser has coached the Hurricanes for 19 years but has never won the NCAA title. He has come close, most notably in 1974 when USC beat him in the final game, but this year he

continued



Heaton (rhymes with unbeaten) has a 10–0 record and a 1.96 ERA for the second-ranked Hurricanes.

HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.



Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

Ted Turner puts his feelings where his mouth is. He also puts a great scotch there: Cutty Sark. And while he's been called Captain Outrageous by some, one thing's sure: Ted Turner's enjoying himself.



he Scotch with a following of leaders.

CUTTY SARK®

has a special gimmick, a pitcher who throws an invisible ball. Well, almost.

Heaton is 6′ 1″, 200 pounds and determined to become the best pitcher in the major leagues. "I hate to use the term 'can't miss,' " says Assistant Coach Skip Bertman, "but Neal, well, can't miss." Heaton, who is 21, has a fastball that has been clocked at 93 mph, so naturally everyone calls him "Heater." He was so spectacular at Sachem High in Lake Ronkonkoma on Long Island that the Mets drafted him in 1979, but when they offered only a $35,000 bonus, he rejected it and decided to pitch for Oklahoma State instead. A phone call from Fraser coaxed Heaton into at least taking a look at Miami—spider to the fly—and it was goodby, Stillwater, hello, surf.

In his three years at Miami, Heaton has gone 36–6 and averaged a strikeout an inning. He feels he has developed about as rapidly as he would have if he had turned pro. Heaton also spent a useful summer of 1979 in the Alaska League, whose alumni include Dave Winfield, Tom Seaver and Dave Kingman. "I had a job in a hardware store in Kenai," he says. "They paid me $8 an hour, but I didn't have to do very much. We traveled from town to town in a small plane."

Heaton threw only fastballs in high school—nothing more was needed—but at Miami he has added a changeup and a slider. No curve, though. "It takes more time to learn a good curve," Heaton says. "I was anxious to succeed right away." He says he has enough confidence in his change and slider to throw them in crucial situations, but Bertman believes he still has a tendency to rely on his fastball too often. "Someone gets a hit off a slider and he forgets all the good sliders he has thrown before that," Bertman says.

Before spring training, Baltimore Pitcher Steve Stone, the 1980 Cy Young Award winner, spent a few weeks with the Miami team and offered Heaton some advice. "Don't try to overdo it on the first pitch," Stone said. "Work him over, move the ball around." Stone also told Heaton he was the biggest pitcher he had ever seen and advised him to taper off on the weightlifting. Heaton worked out on Nautilus equipment the last three winters and now has a body more commonly associated with fullbacks. "The Hulk," one teammate calls him.

Heaton doesn't pretend that college has been anything more than a variation on minor league baseball. He's majoring in phys ed, but his goal is Shea Stadium. "Being from Long Island, I'd like to pitch for the Mets," he says. If he doesn't make it as a player, he'll take any job that will keep him outdoors. "Park ranger, forestry, shark fishing," he says. "I caught a 10-foot mako last summer. My brother and I were about 45 miles off Long Island. It's a whole new world out there. The shark was moving very fast, and it took me more than an hour to bring it in. We cut up the meat and gave it to friends for a party."

Bertman thinks Heaton's future summers will be otherwise occupied. "The scouts have had their look and most of them were impressed," Bertman says. "Those who weren't enthusiastic were just trying to talk his price down. I'm not saying Neal is the greatest prospect ever, but he has a lot of talent and he has the desire. Branch Rickey used to say you have to look inside a kid's heart to find out how good he'll be."

Anyone trying to get inside Heaton's heart right now will have to battle one Laura Balbo, a Long Island girl who followed Neal to the University of Miami. She has seen every home game he has pitched since high school, and she gave him the gold necklace he wears constantly, even when he is on the mound. The mere mention of her name makes Heaton blush, as does a reference to his attempt at raising a mustache, which after three months still looks like a recent idea.

Friday night's victory over Florida International was also embarrassing. A singing group serenaded the fans, a silver dollar was dished out every inning—business as usual—and as an added surprise, Heaton got roughed up. He hadn't pitched in a week and it was clear his tempo was off, even though he struck out 10. He left the game in the eighth inning leading 5–4, but when the next batter hit a three-run homer, it looked as if Heaton would lose for the first time this season. But as they have often done, the Hurricanes battled back—in one game against USC, they were down 8–0—and scored three runs of their own. Heaton remained unbeaten, untied but very definitely scored on.

At a recent practice Fraser reflected on the imminent departure of Heaton and junior Catcher Frank Castro to the pros and Jeff Morrison, also a 10–0 pitcher and an academic All-America, through graduation. "But they aren't the only ones," he said. "We're also losing our first baseman and two outfielders."

It would seem, then, that he had better win the College World Series this year. Fraser nodded absentmindedly. "There are more important things than winning," he said, his eyes assuming a faraway look. "For instance, I got this idea for next year." You could almost hear the cash register ringing.

THE WEEK

(April 20-26)

by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

AL WEST It seemed all too familiar—the Green Monster, the Jimmy Fund billboard, the booing fans. Don Zimmer was back in Fenway Park, but in the visitors' dugout. "I didn't know where to stand," said Zim, who had spent seven years as a coach and manager in the other dugout and was making his Fenway debut in a Texas uniform that day. But the Rangers (2–3) let him down, losing 4–2, and 10–4 the following night, before allowing him to leave Boston with his head held high after a 16–8, 18-hit slugfest in which every Texas batter except Mickey Rivers had at least two hits. The Rangers got 22 more hits and 11 runs in splitting two games in Cleveland.

As the Oakland (6–0) onslaught continued, the bullpen got its first save; the team had a day off (it had played 15 games over 14 consecutive days since the season opened), and—horrors—the A's allowed Seattle to score four runs on two consecutive days. But the pitchers added five more complete-game victories.

The Mariners (1–5), the only team to beat the A's this year, lost three straight to Oakland despite home runs by Richie Zisk in each game. Seattle's win came on Floyd Bannister's two-hit 3–0 shutout of the Angels for Seattle's first complete game of the season.

The Twins (2–5) were looking forward to not having Billy Martin to kick them around anymore. They had lost seven straight to the CG squad. California (4–3) beat the Mariners and Twins twice each, rookie Mike Witt two-hitting Minnesota 7–1.

While Martin's A's were getting most of the attention, Tony LaRussa's White Sox (6–0) kept winning—to the tune of .769—but were still 4½ games back. After their shelling of the Orioles, Manager Earl Weaver marveled, "They sure got a lot of hits, didn't they? They hit 'em up the middle, down the line, under our gloves, in front of us and over us." LaRussa admitted to a touch of worry over his staff. "They've got to learn how to pitch when they're ahead," he said.

The Royals (1–5) wish they had that prob-

continued


MICHELIN
We put America on radials.
For 90 years, Michelin has been committed to putting you first. That's why we pioneered the radial, the tire recognized as the finest passenger car tire ever made. And that's why we make only radials.
Today, Americans are buying more radials than any other tire. And the Michelin radial continues to set the standard for performance and consistent quality. Tire after tire, mile after mile.
Yet Michelin radials cost about the same as other leading brands. No wonder we're America's fastest growing tire company. We're Michelin. We put America on radials.
MICHELIN

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.

Taste True's improved taste.



Still only **5** MG TAR

Ultra low tar never tasted so good.

© Lorillard U.S.A. 1981

lem. The American League champions are off to the worst start in the history of the franchise. The club that hit .286 last year is at .248. The Royals scored just 26 runs in their first 12 games, and when they did get a lead, their pitchers couldn't hold it. George Brett was hitting .205, Willie Wilson was getting thrown out on attempted steals (twice in just three attempts), and the team ERA was 3.86. Manager Jim Frey first tried extra batting practice, then canceled a scheduled batting session. He closed the clubhouse and gave a pep talk. But the players professed not to care about Oakland's big lead. They beat the Yankees in the playoffs last year, remember?

OAK 17–1 CHI 10–3 CAL 8–9 TEX 6–7
KC 3–9 MINN 4–11 SEA 4–12

AL EAST It was an omen. Superstitious Manager Sparky Anderson should have known that. His Tigers (0–6) were batting .281, had a 7–2 record and were in first place. They came to New York to face the third-place Yankees. A 27-mph wind chilled the 44° temperature to 19°, and then it happened. The hibachi in the runway, used to warm the Tiger bats, died. And so did the Tigers. They lost three games to the Yankees and three more to the White Sox. Their bats never did warm up, producing just 10 runs in those six games.

It was a typical week for the Yankees (4–2). Reggie Jackson hit a home run in his first at bat at Yankee Stadium and George Steinbrenner had a deal canceled by Bowie Kuhn. But even negatives seem to work in George's favor. When Steinbrenner couldn't bring up one minor-leaguer, the one he did bring up, Steve (Bye-Bye) Balboni, hit a triple in his first at bat and drew a bases-loaded walk to force in the winning run. The Yankees' two losses were to the Blue Jays (2–4).

After going 23 innings without a run and hitting a paltry .193 as a team, the "big bats" of Milwaukee (5–1) finally uncorked a few. They scored 19 runs in a three-game sweep of the Blue Jays and another 19 in beating the Royals two of three games.

It was supposed to be Cleveland's (4–1) bats that would lead them, but Indian fans were being dazzled by the Tribe's arms. Through their first nine games, the staff had three shutouts and an ERA of 2.14, and swept a three-game series from the Royals.

There was some joy in Beanville—for a change. The Red Sox (3–2) were in second place, and the new guys were making the fans forget about the old guys. Well, almost. Third Baseman Carney Lansford led the league with a .422 batting average and had a .480 on-base percentage, and Mark Clear had 10 strikeouts in 6⅓ innings. Baltimore (1–4) had a week for the Birds. Eddie Murray was sidelined by a virus, and Pitcher Dennis Martinez needed four stitches in Chicago after being hit in the head by a fan's beer bottle. The Orioles gave up 26 hits—the most ever allowed by a Baltimore staff in one game—in an 18–5 loss to the White Sox. After a 2–5 road trip during which their ERA climbed to 4.74 and their batting average fell to .215, they were more than happy to come home to Earl Weaver's tomato patch.

CLEV 7–4 BOS 7–5 MIL 7–5 NY 8–6
DET 7–8 BALT 4–7 TOR 5–10

NL WEST Things can't get much worse for the Houston Astros (2–5). The 1980 divisional champs are the 1981 chumps, tied for the second-poorest record in baseball. They've lost six of their eight one-run games; they failed to score in 60 of 66 innings, five starters are hitting below .204. Manager Bill Virdon tried 11 different lineups in 16 games—to no avail. They got Mike Ivie from San Francisco for "punch." He went 1 for 14. The players even rejected a call for a clubhouse meeting, a tactic that worked last year when Joe Morgan convened the troops and they went on to win the division. He is now with the Giants. An ex-Giant decided to take matters into his own hands. Bob Knepper pitched a three-hitter, doubled and scored the only run to beat the Dodgers 1–0 and then shut out Cincinnati by the same score.

Not that the Giants (3–5) are doing much better. After trouncing San Diego 9–0 on Monday, San Francisco scored just five runs in its next five games, losing twice to the Padres and three times to the Braves before taking a Sunday doubleheader from Atlanta.

The Padres (3–4) did something few other teams seem capable of when they beat the Dodgers for the second time this year. "This is a team of no-names," said Tim Lollar, after picking up the save, "and we're trying to show we belong in the majors." The Los Angeles Names were 5 and 2 for the week, led by a name to remember. Pitcher Fernando Valenzuela (*page 22*).

Explaining a season-long slump that had produced no RBIs, Bob Horner said, "It's just not getting no hits." But then he started. He homered and hit a sacrifice fly for four ribbies and singled, doubled and homered the next day for four more as Atlanta (5–2) won twice, 10–1 and 7–3 over the Reds. Atlanta lost 16 of 18 to the Reds last year but is 4–1 against them for 1981. After their second defeat by Atlanta, the Reds complained bitterly about Gaylord Perry's puffball, which materializes out of a cloud of resin and helped the veteran to his 290th career win. The Reds (3–3) displayed a little wizardry of their own, beating the Astros three games out of four. In a 3–0 victory, Frank Pastore allowed four hits, struck out five and singled home a run.

LA 13–3 ATL 9–7 CIN 8–7 SF 7–11
SD 6–11 HOUS 4–12

NL EAST With a light snow falling and temperatures hovering at the zero (Celsius) mark, pinch hitter Jerry White was in a runway under a heater keeping warm. When Expos (6–0) Manager Dick Williams summoned him in the eighth inning, White was red hot, belting a three-run homer to beat the Phillies 9–8. Expo regulars couldn't duck inside, so they chased the chilblains away by running—a lot. Montreal tied a team record by stealing seven bases—four by rookie sensation Tim Raines—to beat the Phils 10–3 and then completed a sweep with a 4–3, 11-inning victory. Said Philadelphia (3–3) Manager Dallas Green, "This weather isn't conducive to anything but ice hockey." With 10 of the Phils nursing colds, the team flew to Chicago, where they swept three from the Cubs.

The Mets (0–3) were also victimized by the weather; by Saturday they hadn't played one official game. Two games had been postponed and a third was called in the ninth inning after a one-hour, 29-minute rain delay in Pittsburgh. "Layoffs like that hurt pitching more than they affect hitting," said Manager Joe Torre. As if to illustrate the point, the Mets had 11 hits against the Expos on Saturday, and Pitcher Randy Jones gave up six walks, including four in the second inning, one to Pitcher Steve Rogers. The latter forced in a run, and a wild pitch brought in another as the Mets eventually lost 4–2.

The Pirates (0–2) also lost three games to rain and another two to the Cardinals (5–0), who had their best start since 1946, when they won the pennant and World Series. For-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

TOMMY HERR: The Cardinal second baseman tripled in four consecutive games and had four other hits on the week to bat .421 and drive in eight runs as St. Louis won five games in a row and took possession of second place.

ty-five of their 108 hits this season have been for extra bases. "We're not a one-base club anymore," said Manager Whitey Herzog. Indeed. Keith Hernandez smacked three doubles in one win over the Cubs, and Second Baseman Tommy Herr hit triples in four consecutive games. The defensive specialist is now known as Boomer.

Having dropped 12 straight games, the Cubs (0–6) were one shy of the 1944 team record for consecutive losses. In 24 innings against the Cardinals, the team failed to score or even advance a runner. What's wrong with the usually quick-starting Cubbies? Manager Joey Amalfitano knows precisely: "We aren't hitting. When you don't hit, you don't score. And when you don't score, you don't win."

MONT 11–2 ST.L 9–2 PHIL 10–5
PITT 4–6 NY 4–7 CHI 1–13

by Bruce Newman

A little learning can go a long way—12 rounds, as Thomas Hearns found out

An unsentimental education

On the eve of his WBA welterweight championship bout with Thomas Hearns in Phoenix last week, Randy Shields still hadn't figured out what would be the best way to box his opponent. "I'm going to go through all the styles I know," he said. "If one style doesn't work, I'll try another. If that doesn't work, I'll try something else. If that doesn't work, something else. If *that* doesn't work, then I'm in trouble."

On Saturday afternoon in Veterans Memorial Coliseum, Shields trotted out his boxing fashion show for Hearns, with results that visiting connoisseurs, notably WBC welterweight champion Sugar Ray Leonard, would do well to heed. Every time the challenger showed Hearns a new look from his spring collection, the champ would show his appreciation by trying to redesign Shields' face. Thus, it seems the well-dressed Hearns opponent this year will be wearing plenty of black and blue, highlighted by stunning red welts around the eyes. At least that was what Shields looked like when referee Bob Ferrara stopped the fight after the 12th round and declared Hearns the winner on a technical knockout.

The Shields fight was Hearns' second defense of the title he won last August, and the beginning of a fine-tuning process; Hearns now seems determined to prove he can be as elegant as Sugar Ray both in and out of the ring. In this respect Shields made an ideal opponent because of his intelligence, his defensive skills and the fact that he has never been knocked out. "I want to prove what I can do," Hearns said beforehand, "show that I'm capable of boxing and not just punching."

Shields came into the fight with no such lofty ambitions, being mostly concerned with trying to solve Hearns' six-inch reach advantage. Shields, the No. 5-ranked WBA welterweight on the basis of his 38–6–1 record, is managed by his father, Sonny, a gritty-looking 45-year-old Hollywood stunt coordinator, who until just a year ago was also his son's sparring partner. Randy has done stunt work, too, and on one occasion a few years back father and son got to beat the daylights out of each other for an episode of *Rich Man, Poor Man*.

Shields had prepared for Hearns by working from 18 to 22 rounds a day in the ring and on the heavy bag, readying himself for what he hoped would be a long grind. If anything about the undefeated Hearns is suspect, it's his ability to go the 15-round championship distance (only six of his 30 pro fights have lasted more than six rounds). Then, two weeks ago, Shields stepped into a pothole while doing roadwork near his home in North Hollywood, and in very unstuntman-like fashion, he came down so hard on his left shoulder that he strained a muscle and tore two bursas in his shoulder and one in his right knee, requiring a three-day layoff from training.

For the Phoenix fight Hearns had tuned up against waves of sparring partners, a regimen favored by his manager, Emanuel Steward. During his 12 days in Arizona, Hearns stayed loose by fishing in a small lake below his third-story window at the Radisson Hotel in Scottsdale. One afternoon he hooked three catfish without missing much of *The Brady Bunch* on TV.

Hearns knew that Shields would almost certainly have to counterpunch, but the champion took control from the outset and Shields was never able to retaliate effectively. "There's nothing wrong with counterpunching if he can do it," Hearns had said, "but I'm going to do all I can to prevent it by being the more aggressive and the smarter fighter."

Hearns' one worrisome moment came in the first round, when he was cut above his right eye by an accidental butt. This was the first of several butts by both fighters, but after each one, the guilty party would apologize. Hearns is 6′ 1″ and Shields, at 5′ 11″, is two inches taller than anyone the champion had ever fought, which may have accounted for all the head-knocking.

Throughout the first three rounds, Hearns rained blows on Shields, but the challenger was remarkably adept at picking them off, occasionally forcing Hearns into paroxysms of wildness. However, as Shields' left shoulder became increasingly numb—when the action would slow, he would reach behind his head with his



Hearns battered the resolute Shields en route to a TKO

right to give it a quick massage—his jab became little more than a slapping annoyance, and Hearns began launching his brutal right hand.

In Round 4, Hearns unloaded a flurry of combinations that dazed Shields. Before the round ended, Hearns looped a right that bounced the challenger off the ropes, and finished with a whistling right hook to the head. Shields had taken Hearns' best shots and was still standing.

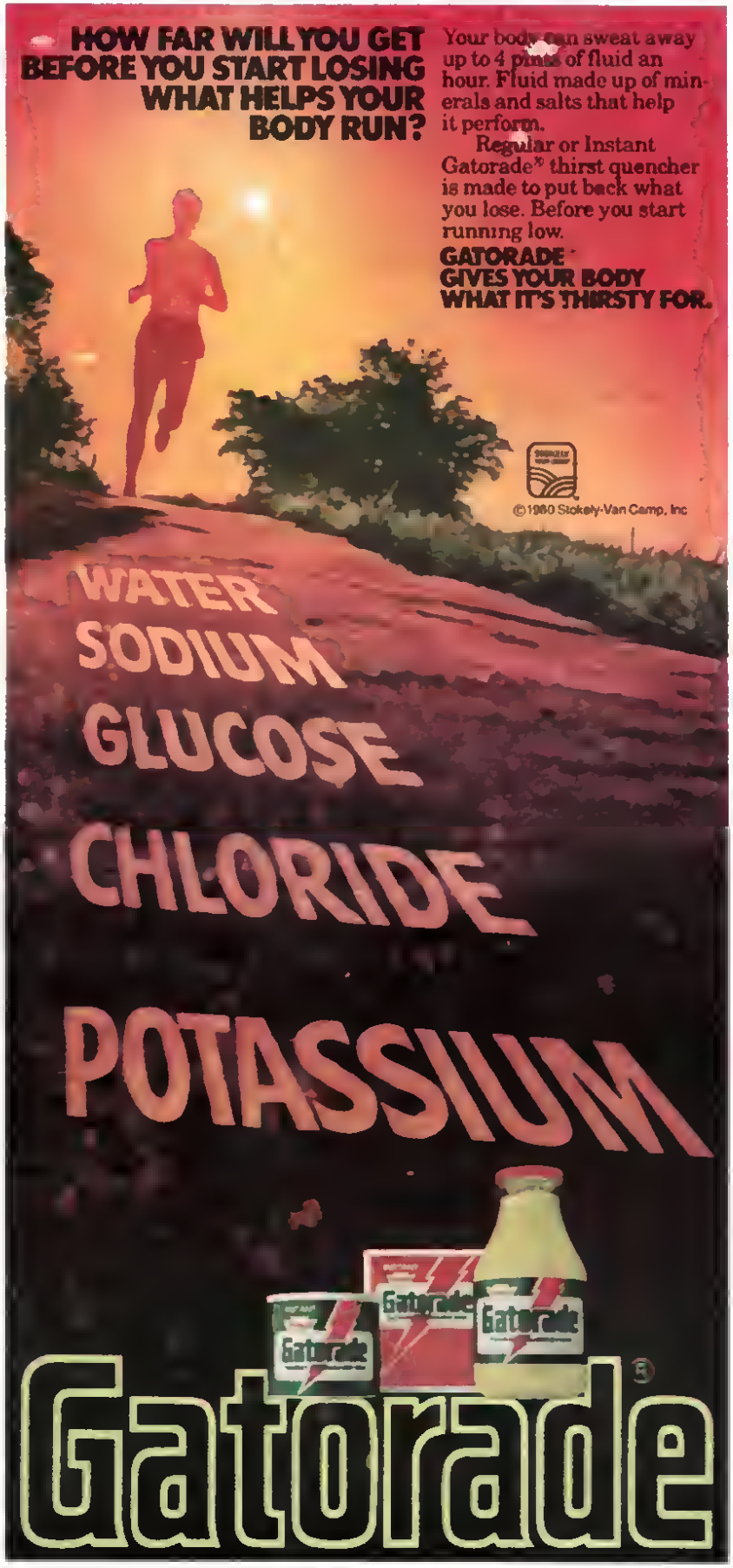
As it became increasingly apparent that Shields was content to go the distance, Hearns wisely began to pace himself for the long haul. "I could see Thomas was not going to take him out with one single punch," said Steward. "So after a certain point it was just an educational fight. We were determined to get as much work out of the fight as possible."

That he got. In the ninth round Shields snapped Hearns' head back with a right, but Hearns answered with a combination and then a big right hand to Shields' bleeding left eye. The bout was stopped briefly so that the ringside physician could have a look at the eye. When the fight resumed, Hearns connected with one punishing combination after another, opening another cut over the right eye.

Hearns continued ripping the left side of Shields' face in the 10th and 11th rounds, meeting less and less resistance. In the 12th, Hearns stood flat-footed in front of Shields and hammered him with rights, staggering him and finally driving him into the ropes. The round over, the referee halted the fight at the request of Sonny Shields, who was working his son's corner.

Shields never did find the right style for Hearns, but he was able to force Hearns to think before he thumped. "I tried boxing him, and it worked for a while," said Hearns. "Then I tried to muscle him, and that worked for a little while. Finally I tried to go up and down when his eye started to close, to make him look in two directions. Each style I tried worked for a while, and then he was able to adjust. He made it difficult for me to get to him."

At ringside Leonard was taking it all in. He and Hearns are to meet in the fall and the hype has already begun. Said Shields, who had lost a close 10-round decision to Leonard in 1978, "It's going to be a hell of a fight; they both hit very sharp. And look sharp, too." It's all part of being one of today's with-it welterweights. END



by E.M. Swift

It was the Oo-la-las in six



Captain Barry Beck led the Rangers by example.

The Sasson boys, a/k/a the New York Rangers, showed St. Louis they could skate better than they sing and dance

In the end, which came last Friday night when the New York Rangers eliminated the St. Louis Blues in Game 6 of their Stanley Cup quarterfinal series, it may have been Barry (Bubba) Beck who gained the most. Certainly more than the Rangers as a team, whose surprising performance through two rounds of the playoffs only deepens the shame of their 30–36–14 regular-season record and 13th-place finish. "They cheated the fans," says their coach, Craig Patrick. Their reward for beating the Blues? Probably a good thrashing in the semi-finals from the New York Islanders.

The Sasson jeans people have been running TV commercials featuring Phil Esposito, Ron Greschner, Anders Hedberg and Don Maloney dancing, singing ("Oo-la-la, Sasson," etc.) off-key and grinning like monkeys. While the Rangers were losing 18 of their first 24 games, some of their fans angrily sang back, "Oo-la-la, baboons!"

The Blues, on the other hand, made the mistake of taking the regular season seriously—they finished second in the league—instead of giving their fans a five-month song-and-dance like the Rangers. They allowed 29 goals in the New York series, which makes for a long summer to wonder whether 72 games weren't a bit much even for a goalie like Mike Liut.

Beck's reward for his playoff performance has been peace of mind. He didn't silence his critics, who had called him overrated, so much as the nagging voice at the back of his mind that had him wondering if he would ever again play as well as he had as a rookie in 1977-78, when he had 60 points for Colorado. After Beck fell off to 42 points the next year, the Rockies traded him to the Rangers. He was good for 65 points in 1979-80, but this season he had only 34, and New York had to scramble in its last 10 games just to make the playoffs. The big (6′ 3″, 215 pounds), dominant defenseman who was supposed to lead the Darlings of Broadway to the Stanley Cup was a bust. And they had traded four players to get him.

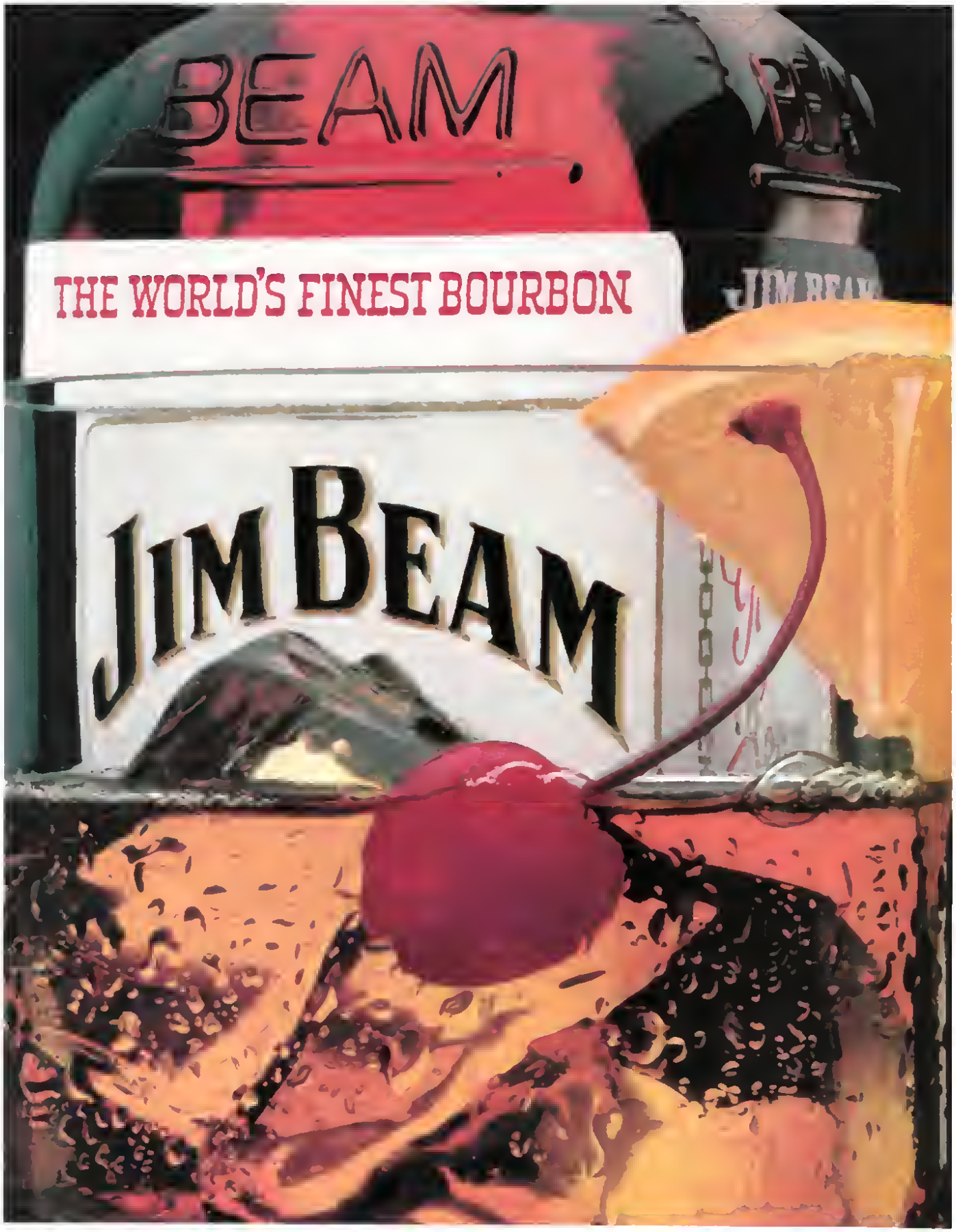
But something happened those last 10 games. "It wasn't that he didn't fit in before," says one Ranger. "He just didn't feel comfortable until then. When they trade half a team for you, even if the guys accept you right away, it takes time to fit in—at least in your own mind."

Especially if your mind isn't fully focused on hockey. "Manhattan isn't the easiest place to play," says Beck. "There are a lot of . . . distractions." He chooses not to be specific, which is for the best, because the Rangers are an easily distractible lot. Among the hockey-related excuses they offer for their dismal regular-season record are: 1) Center Walt Tkaczuk's eye injury in February that has kept him out of the lineup ever since; 2) penalties (New York was second in the league in penalty minutes); 3) the disruptive effect of the firing of Coach Fred Shero in November; 4) the disruptive effect of Phil Esposito's retirement in January; 5) and the disruptive effect of playing before hostile fans in Madison Square Garden. Then there was *Forum* magazine cover boy Ron Duguay's talk of playing out his option, plus the uncertainty over whether Herb Brooks, the U.S. Olympic coach, would take over the team in March from Patrick, his Lake Placid assistant.

Not one of the Rangers would suggest that, during the season, the club put a higher priority on looking good off the ice than it did on looking good on it, though the general attitude of the team is best summed up by the player who said, "Under the system, you get away with what you can, right? But not in the playoffs." Only New York very nearly misjudged what it could get away with.

After 70 games the Rangers were 24–34–12, and with seven of their last 10 games against teams ahead of them

continued



Taste is all it takes to switch to Jim Beam.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 80 PROOF DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT BEAM, KY.


"Waddayamean,
I have I looked in the
mirror lately?"

With 1,300 Service Stores coast to coast, the blimp's behind you wherever you go.

Goodyear has more than 1,300 Service Stores from Maine to Hawaii. So anywhere you travel in the United States, you can be sure of getting the service you need:

Only the work you authorize. A Goodyear Service Store will never do any work you didn't order. If additional work is needed, they'll consult you first. And all worn-out parts will be returned to you on request.

Coast-to-coast warranty. All work done by Goodyear is backed by a limited warranty for at least 90 days or 3,000 miles. If you have a problem, it will be handled—either at the store that did the work, or, if you're more than 50 miles away, at any Goodyear Service Store nationwide.

Everything from tune-ups to brake jobs. Tune-ups, front-end alignment, electrical systems, transmission servicing, air conditioning, brake systems—Goodyear's professionally trained mechanics can handle them all. And, of course, every Service Store carries a full line of Goodyear tires.

When you go to Goodyear, you know what you're getting. Warranted service, nationwide. It means Goodyear quality. Right behind you, wherever you go.

GOODYEAR
Out front. World wide.




Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79

in the standings, it looked as if they might miss the playoffs. "I didn't do a thing," says Patrick with a straight face. "The players got together and decided it was time to play playoff hockey."

Playoff hockey, for the uninitiated, means that everybody tries. You block shots, finish checks and hustle. It's a nice change. During those last 10 games New York showed there was, indeed, substance behind the style. The Rangers shut out Philadelphia twice, ended Montreal's 24-game unbeaten streak at home, beat Boston and Chicago and lost an away game to the Islanders by only 2–1. In all they were 6–2–2 with a 2.4 goals-against average. New York qualified for the playoffs by three points.

"Beck emerged as the leader in that stretch," says injured Ranger Goaltender John Davidson. When Esposito retired and Tkaczuk was injured, there was a void at the top, and the players looked to Beck. The Ranger management made him captain, and the extra responsibility had a marked effect on his play. His selection also affected the rest of the team. "He doesn't have to say very much, but you listen because he's so damn big," says one teammate.

"The main thing is, people believe in me now," says Beek. "That means a lot to me. When I first came here I was supposed to be [Denis] Potvin, [Larry] Robinson and [Bobby] Orr all rolled into one, but I still had a lot to learn. Now I'm playing with confidence, and there's no doubt in my mind I'm at the top of my game."

The top of his game, it turns out, is pretty far up there. Against St. Louis, which missed finishing first in the regular-season standings by three points, he knocked people down, scored, blocked shots and generally controlled the games in the way that separates the great from the merely good. "Beck gave them a lot of poise and authority," said losing Coach Red Berenson. "You can't put a man on a defenseman the way you can a forward. The whole Ranger team was playing with more direction and enthusiasm than it did in the season."

The Blues, who won all four of their regular-season games against New York, took the series opener 6–3 largely because Beck had his first bad game of the playoffs. The next night St. Louis lost the home-ice advantage it had worked for all season when the Rangers scored four third-period goals—one on a penalty shot by Hedberg—to win 6–4. The Rangers now needed to win only their home games, and they did so easily, sending 17 goals past Liut in the three games at the Garden.

Liut had been the Blues' ace in the hole, the man many people thought could carry St. Louis all the way despite a middling defense. Down the stretch, though, he appeared to tire. Berenson,



Liut, who let in 50 playoff shots, looked and played like one weary goalie

trying to finish in first place, played Liut in 27 of the final 30 regular-season games and all 11 playoff games. Against Pittsburgh in the first round and then the Rangers he allowed a total of 50 goals. Many were on rebounds. "Mike's as good as any goalie in hockey at stopping the initial shot," said Berenson. Unfortunately for St. Louis, the Ranger forwards swarmed past the Blues' defense for two and three shots at a crack.

They also did a lot of intimidating. Not the kind you hear about most often—the intimidation of my fist in your face—but six straight games of clean, hard bodychecking. Led by Beck, New York simply pounded the Blues into giving up the puck. "Even Hedberg and [Ulf] Nilsson are finishing their checks," said Patrick before the final game. "When we do that we're tough to beat."

New York's top individual scorer in postseason play has been none other than the cover boy himself. Duguay, who had only 38 points during the regular season, has 15 on eight goals and seven assists in 10 playoff games.

When Tkaczuk was sidelined, he was moved from right wing to center, fitting in between Steve Vickers and Dean Talafous. But Patrick's most astute move was switching Greschner from defense to left wing, where he skates with Hedberg and Nilsson. That line has scored a team-high 17 goals in the playoffs.

In Game 5 of the quarterfinals, at the Checkerdome, the Blues averted elimination by storming back from a 3–1 deficit. Liut, who made 34 saves, was magnificent in the 4–3 victory. But in Game 6 in New York he allowed three goals on five shots in the first period. When Beck scored on the first shot of the second period, the Rangers had a 4–0 lead. The Blues rallied for three goals in the next 2:07, but they eventually succumbed, 7–4.

Seven Rangers scored that night, and that balance was the biggest difference between the teams. St. Louis had only Bernie Federko's line on which to rely. Their second line, Blake Dunlop, Wayne Babych and Jorgen Pettersson, disappeared when the Rangers started checking everything that moved. After accounting for 111 goals in the regular season, that line scored only four times against the Rangers. "It wasn't just one of their lines that stopped us, it was all of them," said Dunlop. "They tried to eliminate us all over the ice. This is a different Ranger team than the one we played in the season. They've found some new combinations up front. Every aspect of their game has picked up. Beck was taking the man out. I've never seen him play with as much control."

"The Rangers always had good individuals," Dunlop went on, "but now they're playing as a team." He shook his head. "You play 91 games and you feel like this. It's not much fun."

They're young. They'll learn that you don't go all out for 91 games. You start after 70. **END**



Gerry Cooney Can't Beat His Old English Teacher, But He Could Become Heavyweight Champion Of The World

Cooney, who fights Ken Norton on May 11, has dominated everyone he has faced in the ring, but on his frequent trips back to his old school he meets his match in two-fisted Geraldine Gorman

by William Nack



CONTINUED

The silver Mark VI Continental is idling in front of the Central Savings Bank in a shopping mall off Pulaski Road in Huntington, N.Y. The driver's seat is empty because the car's owner, Gerry Cooney, has gone into Harmon's drugstore next to the bank to buy a pack of chewing gum. Two minutes pass, then five. "What's taking him so long?" says his girl friend, Nancy Griesel, sitting in the passenger's seat. Shoppers are walking past the drugstore and the bank. Suddenly, a woman stops and opens her mouth in disbelief as the drugstore door flies open and Cooney, moving backward in a crouch, bounds onto the sidewalk, looking wildly left and right.

"Get back, everybody!" Cooney cries.

He is brandishing a pink water pistol that he has just bought for 99¢ and filled with water in the drugstore john.

"Don't anybody move!" he shouts. He flashes the pistol from one side to the other and starts backing toward the car. "I'm getting outta here!"

A man steps out of the bank and stops, astonished, then smiles. "Hey, Gerry Cooney," he says.

Cooney ignores him. There is a look of desperate panic on his face. "Choo!" Cooney says, as he sprays the building with a stream of water. "Choo-choo-choo-choo! Get back! Everybody!"

Reaching his car, Cooney jerks open the door and jumps in.

The big Mark VI roars away, leaving a half-dozen shoppers standing on the sidewalk, staring, as Cooney holds the pistol out the window and blasts his way to Pulaski Road: "Choo! Choo-choo! Choo. . . ."

Gerry Cooney lives in a world unfettered by complexities. He is 24 years old, but so far he has been able to escape the inhibitions that come with adulthood and has remained essentially the boy he always wanted to be. It's quite incongruous on the face of it. Here is this huge man—6′ 6″ and 225 pounds, with a left hand as devastating as any boxing has seen since the prime of the late Joe Louis—here he is, the undisputed No. 1-ranked heavyweight challenger, right behind champions Larry Holmes (WBC) and Mike Weaver (WBA), bounding out of Harmon's with a water pistol and making his getaway in a brand-new $25,000 automobile, while chewing a piece of gum to freshen his breath preparatory to a visit with his beloved English teacher, Geraldine Gorman, at Walt Whitman High School. Cooney always visits Gorman before he leaves town to set up camp. On this April Fool's Day, he's about to take off for the Concord Hotel in the Catskills to begin training for his May 11 fight with Ken Norton at Madison Square Garden, the fight that is expected—if he wins it—to lead him straight to a title shot this fall against either Weaver or Holmes.

No. 1 Ladies' Man

Gerry's girls include the co-eds in the corridors of Walt Whitman High, the young daughter of a friend, fellow commuters on the Long Island Rail Road's 2:59 p.m. train to New York and a Golden Gloves card girl (far right). Karen Hill drops in for some coffee. Nancy Griesel and Gerry visit his brother's bar.



And here he is now, sneaking through the familiar halls of his old high school, up to Room 622, pistol in hand. Mrs. Gorman is giving her 18 students a lecture on Ionesco's play *Rhinoceros* when she spots her former student outside the door. "Don't look now," she tells the class, "but I think we're about to be invaded."

Cooney bursts through the doorway, plants his feet apart and waves the pistol around the room, like a TV narc making a bust. "Close your books! Everybody on the floor! Get down. . . ." The room rings with laughter. "Don't talk back to me! Do like I say. Close your books!"

Mrs. Gorman is a graying, matronly woman with a warm face and radiant, joyous manner. On most of Cooney's visits they do a snappy-patter routine. They have it down.

"Now be nice, Gerry," she says sweetly, walking to a desk near the door. "Do you remember when you used to sit here in my class?"

"You used to move me around," he says, now sitting at her desk with his feet up, sounding and looking like a sweathog from *Welcome Back, Kotter*. "I sat over there. I sat here. I sat everywhere. She thought I was cheating. I was!" He picks up her glasses and puts them on, well down beneath the big lump on his nose, and peers over them. Students are shaking their heads.

"Everybody, it's hard to believe that this guy was once as good as could be," Mrs. Gorman says. "Do you remember the first time he visited me this year? He said, 'I'm here to marry you, Mrs. Gorman.' Now look who he brings along, this lovely girl Nancy. He met her in his junior year, and now she's come back into his life. And he says he's here to marry *me*?"

Cooney grins mischievously. "You and I are going to Cuba, baby. Just me and you."

Mrs. Gorman faces the class and spreads her arms. "Would *you* marry Gerry Cooney? He'd be coming home with someone else all the time."

"Wrong, wrong, wrong!" he protests.

"Gerry, I'll tell you what," Mrs. Gorman says quietly. "When you've won the championship and you have a movie contract and a TV show—stop winking at me! You don't impress me at all—then come around. And what are you going to do when you win the championship?"

"I've got to win my next fight first. If I don't, there's no sense talking about fighting for the championship."

"Well, how do you feel? It's getting closer, Gerry."

"I can deal with it."

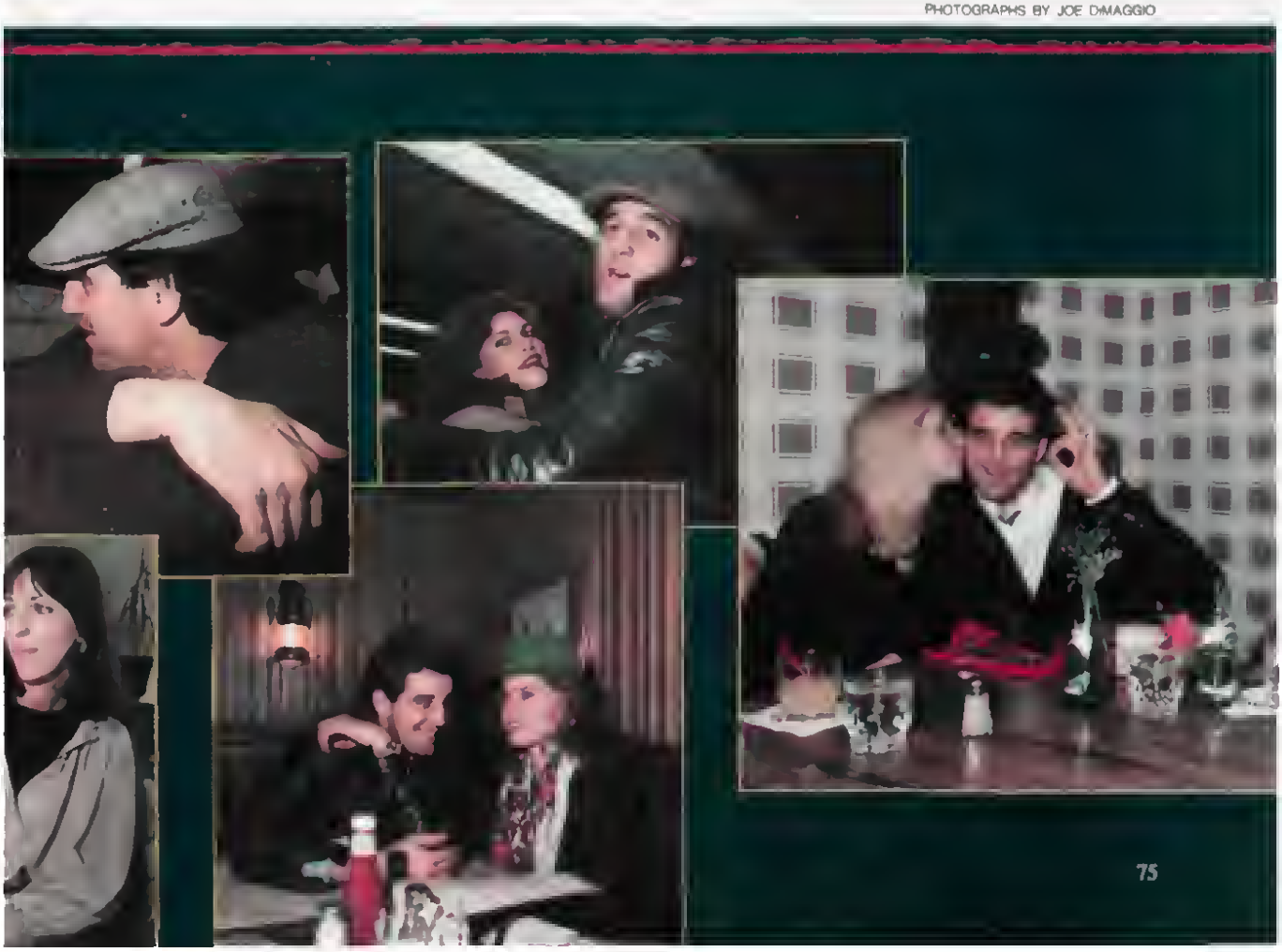
"Do you have dreams about it at night?"

"No, but I think about it sometimes. I think about it a lot." His voice softens. "I think about you a lot, too. . . ."

"Ohhhhhh," groans the class.

"You know what she told *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE DIMAGGIO





me?" Cooney says, rising to his feet. "She told me 30 times she wouldn't marry me. Then she read in the paper that I was making a million dollars for the Norton fight and she said, 'All right, I'll marry you.' "

When the laughter subsides, she pleads, "Whom do you believe? Him or me?"

"Him," chimes the class.

"Do you know Margaret?" Mrs. Gorman asks, indicating a girl in the second row.

"Right," says Cooney, looking at Margaret, nodding. "I've met her."

"Very smart," Mrs. Gorman says.

"Is she really? I'd be sitting right next to her if I were in school."

"Margaret, if you were in this class with Gerry Cooney, all of a sudden he would be very attentive to you and then one day he would say, 'Margaret, could I borrow your homework?' "

Last October, Cooney ran his record to 24–0 with a rib-cracking left that sent Ron Lyle crashing to the canvas.



One of Valle's workouts in the ring with his fighter cost the trainer $6,000 in dental repairs.

For 20 minutes they banter back and forth like this, teacher and ex-student, alternately serious and funny. "Mr. Cooney," the teacher finally says, in that formal tone that marks the end of recess and the start of bookwork, "I've got a lesson to teach. It's been lovely.... Would you please tell them how lucky they are to be in school?"

"Tell 'em what?" Cooney snaps incredulously. The class howls. "No, no," he says. "She's telling you the truth. You know, when I would cut out of school, I'd *always* come to her second-period class before I'd leave. She's a terrific lady."

"I just want you to know I'm thinking about you, praying for you, and talking about you, keeping everything going for you," says Mrs. Gorman. "As usual, I'll see you after the fight. Good luck. And thank you for stopping by." Cooney bends down and kisses Mrs. Gorman. The students applaud. Mrs. Gorman walks her engaging, if once indifferent, scholar to the door. She has asked him twice if he remembers *Rhinoceros*, but he has playfully avoided answering her. The subject of the play comes up again as she says goodby at the door. .

"What was it about again?" he asks.

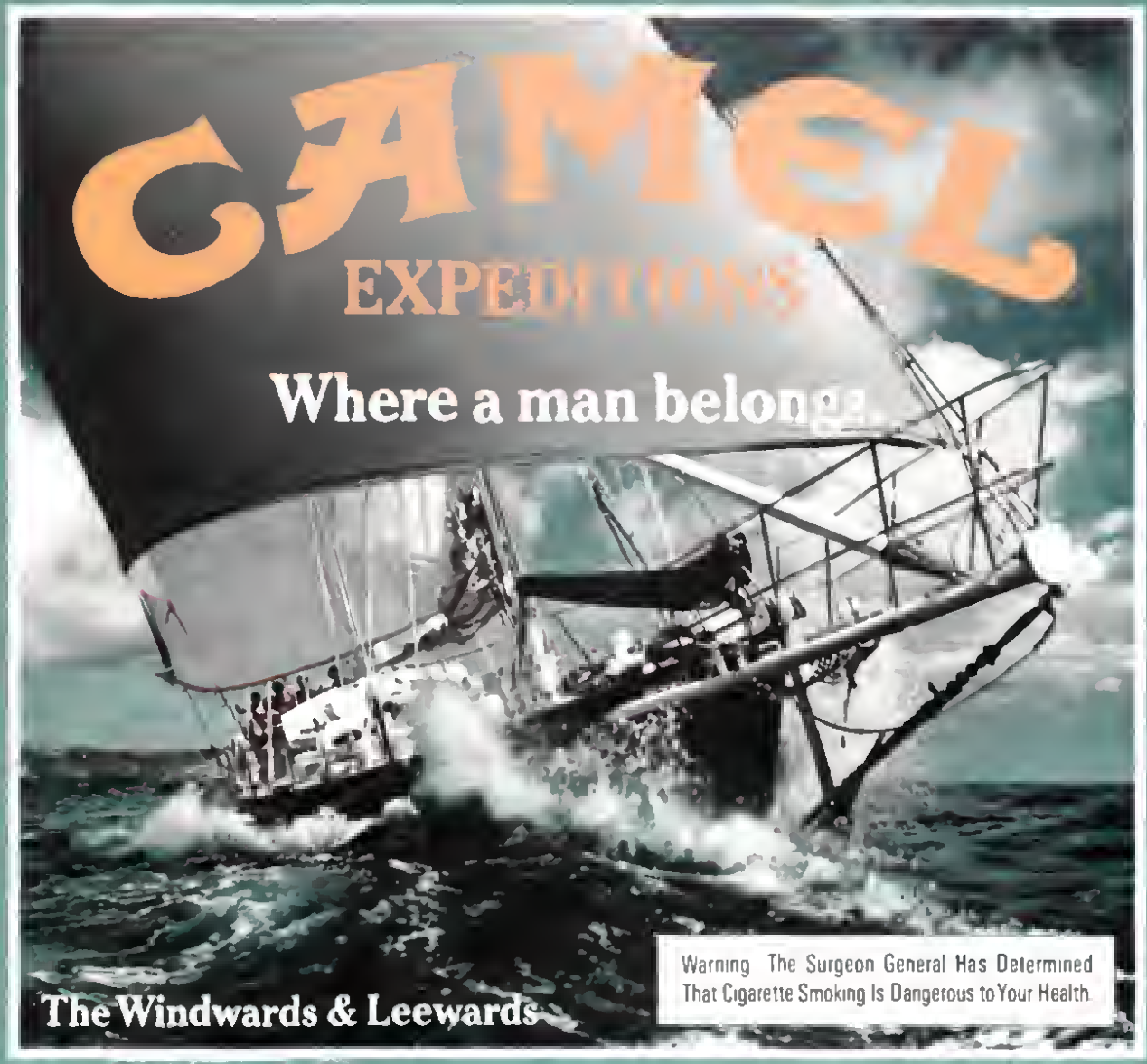
"You remember," she says. "Everybody turned into a rhinoceros?"

"Oh yeah," Gerry says. "Like *The Elephant Man*, right?"

"No, Gerry, not like *The Elephant Man*," she says. "You take care of yourself now. And see you soon."

Gerald Arthur Cooney carries with him no memories of either athletic or academic triumphs at Walt Whitman High School. In fact, his experiences there were often painful and difficult. He had knock-knees and acne. "God," he has said, "talk about troubles." Yet the school represents for him a warm center of his world, a place not only where Mrs. Gorman still teaches but also a kind of symbol of the town and times in which he served his youth and made it, slowly, to where he is now.

Cooney was born in Brooklyn on Aug. 24, 1956, but his father, Tony, moved the family to Huntington two years later, and Gerry has never known another home. Tony Cooney was an Irishman by way of a Celtic settlement in Newfoundland. A big man, 6′ 3½″, 220, he was an ironworker who *continued*



8 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

This will be your voyage of discovery. Your time to navigate through the ordinary to the extraordinary.

From the moment you come aboard and feel the deck murmuring beneath your landlubber legs, a new world begins. Your sea legs are born.

On this voyage, you'll tack and unfurl, hoist the sails and trim the sails, close haul and jiffy reef.

You'll be at the helm as the schooner rises and shakes, water cascading fore and aft. You'll whip into the blue, change course, tack through the eye of the wind, hear it howling through a cloud of rigging

You'll learn that the sea caresses and chastises. It rages and seduces. It mesmerizes.

Mind you, there's more to this voyage than the ship life. There are 244 miles of sea to drench yourself in.

You can scuba dive in some of the most over whelmingly beautiful waters. A 100-feet deep and crystal clear. Filled with coral temples of electric colors.

You can snorkel and wind-surf and struggle to catch a Wahoo.

You can even live a day on the most primitive island in the Caribbean. And unearth its primitiveness, its tropical splendor, its jungle life.

From Martinique to Antigua, this ten-day voyage belongs to you.

It's a sea of discoveries.

We'll send you a brochure describing in complete detail your voyage through the Caribbean's Windward and Leeward Islands. Or you can pick one up at any office of Thomas Cook or your local travel agent.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Camel Expeditions
P.O. Box 1637
Winston Salem NC 27102



Thomas Cook



Cooney can handle his managers—a/k/a the Gold Dust Twins—Jones (left) and Rappaport.

labored around New York City fitting together the orange bones of skyscrapers.

Eileen Cooney, Tony's wife, had always wanted to live in the country, and that is what South Huntington was when they moved there in 1958, a rural outpost of big potato farms that was only just beginning to give way to two-story splits and shopping malls. Huntington lies 37 miles east of New York City, in the north-central part of Long Island, and is one of the oldest settlements in the state. It is the birthplace of Walt Whitman. Cooney grew up in a red-shingle Cape Cod home set on a narrow side street off a main drag called New York Avenue.

Tony and Eileen eventually raised six children in that house. Tom, now 27, is the oldest; he's in the maintenance business. Mike, 26, is part owner of Cinnamon's, a bar and restaurant on the second floor of a building just off Main Street in Huntington. Steve, 22, is an ironworker. Eileen, 19, works in a candy store in the Walt Whitman Mall, scene of the pistol squirtout. And Madeleine, 14, is in junior high. Gerry came third. The two girls slept upstairs; the four boys bunked in the basement.



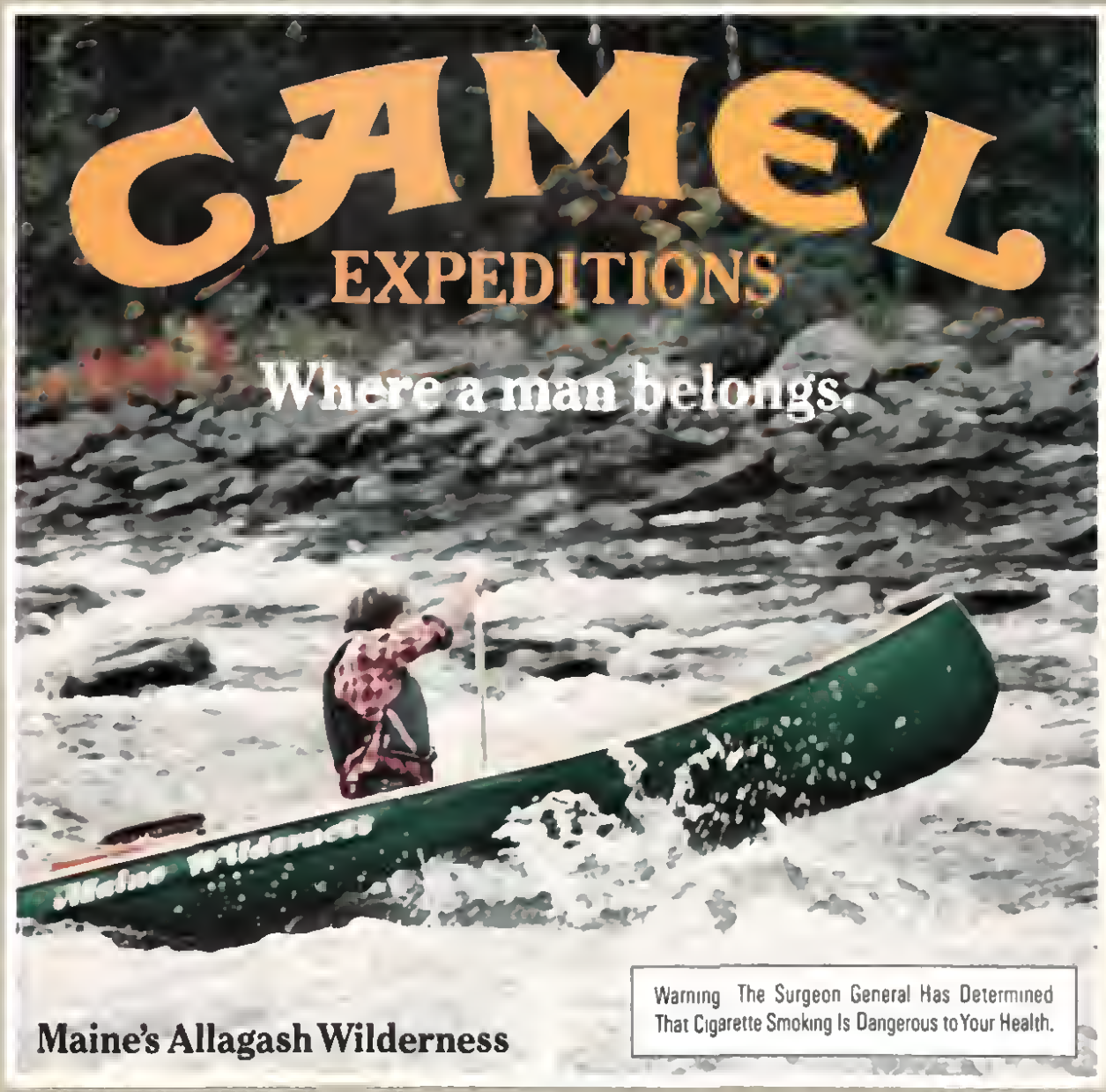
Suburban cowboy Cooney takes a break from training at the Concord Hotel in New York's Catskills.

The Cooneys never had a lot of money, but they weren't poor, either, and Tony always put food on the table. He became the shaping force in the lives of his children—a strict disciplinarian who kept everyone, but particularly the boys, busy. "They worked hard, the kids," says Eileen Cooney. "Tony had them helping put up fences. He had them working on the roof. He treated them like they were grown-ups. They all had to polish their shoes before church. And they all worked in his garden."

Gerry can remember it now. "Every Saturday and Sunday, when the other guys were out having a good time at the Mall, I was at home working in the garden." Hilton Cohen, Cooney's classmate at Walt Whitman and one of his best friends today, remembers swinging by Gerry's house on the way to meeting the gang at the shopping center. "I'd say, 'Hey, Gerry, you want to go down to the Mall for an hour?' He wouldn't even lift his head. Then his dad would say, 'You'd better go on along, Hilton. Gerry will catch you later.' Three hours later I'd come back and pass the house and there would be Gerry, in sweaty dungarees, still gardening. He'd look over and wipe his head, like 'Whew,' like 'Do *something* to get me out of here.' I walked on the other side of the street so his father wouldn't see me."

The garden wasn't all that Tony Cooney taught his sons to tend. "He taught us plumbing," Gerry says. "Taught us how to shingle the roof. How to change the oil in the car. How to put the spark plugs in. He even showed us how to make knots—the bowline, the running bowline, the half-hitch—that he'd learned in the Merchant Marine. He was trying to teach us to survive by ourselves, to be handymen, so we didn't have to call this guy for this and that guy for that."

And there were times when the Cooney home must have looked like a suburban franchise of New York's Gleason's Gym. Tony Cooney had always wanted to be a fighter himself—he had fought in the Merchant Marine—so when Gerry was 10 Tony built a ring in *continued*



8 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1981 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

No man alive should miss it.

For here you can prove just what kind of man you are.

Here on the wild and awesome and profoundly majestic Allagash.

You'll find no tourists here, no travelers searching for the customary.

What you will find are 92 miles of waters that cut and hack and gouge their way through 200,000 acres of unspoiled Maine wilderness.

You'll discover rapids that pound and soar and lift you up into exhilaration.

You'll canoe across rivers unmarked by signs but carrying the names the Abenaki Indians gave them hundreds of years ago: Umsaskis, Crosswise, Five Fingers.

You'll pitch a tent, do the chores, portage your canoe and spend nights listening to the voices of the bobcat and otter, the coyote and phantomlike goshawk.

This is a land rich in lordliness and lore. It's rugged and remote, astonishing in its grandeur, overwhelming in its majesty.

This is an expedition of the unexpected.

We'll send you a brochure describing in complete detail all the wonders of Maine's Allagash. Or you can pick one up at any office of Thomas Cook or your local travel agent.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Camel Expeditions
P.O. Box 1637
Winston-Salem NC 27102



Thomas Cook



M★E★S★H

The Converse Classic™ for men is a super-comfortable mesh shoe designed for the battle conditions of super competition. It's flexible but with firm support in all the places your foot needs support. It's shaped with a wider toe to reduce pinch and the fatigue of confinement. If you play as if your living depended on it, you should be wearing the Converse Classic. And if it's an all-purpose court shoe you want, you should be wearing the tough, lightweight Converse Court Star.™

CONVERSE

Converse 1981, An Allied Chemical Company

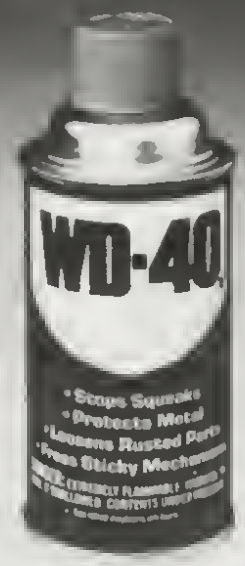
MOST MEN AGREE

EDGE LETS YOU SHAVE CLOSER THAN FOAM



©1981 S C Johnson & Son, Inc.

Do it with



For anything that Sticks or Squeaks
Use in house, shop or car. Protects against rust, cleans and lubricates

WD-40 COMPANY, San Diego, CA 92110

the backyard: four poles stuck foursquare in the ground and a length of rope draped around them. Neighborhood kids came over to box. The first time Gerry was in that ring he fought a peppery young tomboy named Jaime Masters, a fast frtend with whom he used to build go-carts in the summer. Tony refereed. Jaime promptly bloodied Gerry's nose with an overhand right. "I was so embarrassed," he says. Thus his career, however ignominiously, had begun.

Mike Cooney recalls that his father also put up a heavy bag and a speed bag and taught the boys how to use them. "Weekends were spent sparring with him," Mike says. "First he'd get us mad, beat us one at a time. Then he'd toss us in the ring at each other. I didn't care for it, but Gerry, he always gritted his teeth. Gerry and Tom stuck with it." When Gerry was 14, the two boys began boxing at the Huntington YMCA, and it was around this time that Tom gave his brother the most vivid, unforgettable boxing lesson in his life. The two were together one night when someone started getting on Tom. Eventually it was decided to settle the matter by going outside. Gerry followed. "Tom hooked him to the body, then hooked him to the head," Gerry says. "The guy was lying there, the wind knocked out of him. I thought he was dying. I thought, 'If only I could do that.' I had never seen anything like it. Most guys who start out fighting are headhunters. Not me. I'd seen what you could do to the body. It sunk into my head."

Cooney was at Walt Whitman by then, growing like bamboo. When he was 16, he was 6′ 4″ and 160 pounds—awkward, skinny, knock-kneed and acned. He was grievously self-conscious and shy. "Everybody laughed at me. Or at least I thought they did," he says. "I said to myself, 'I'm stupid. I must be.' People made me feel that way and I went along with it. I guess telling myself that, that I was stupid, was sort of a way out. I loved boxing. When I had all those insecurities, it made me *feel* like somebody. People looked at me like I was special. That helped me grow. It was a big thing in those days to hang out at the Mall. I used to tell everyone when they asked, 'Yeah, I'm going to the Golden Gloves.'

"Before I know it, one night I find myself in New York City in a line with about 3,000 people signing up for the Gloves.

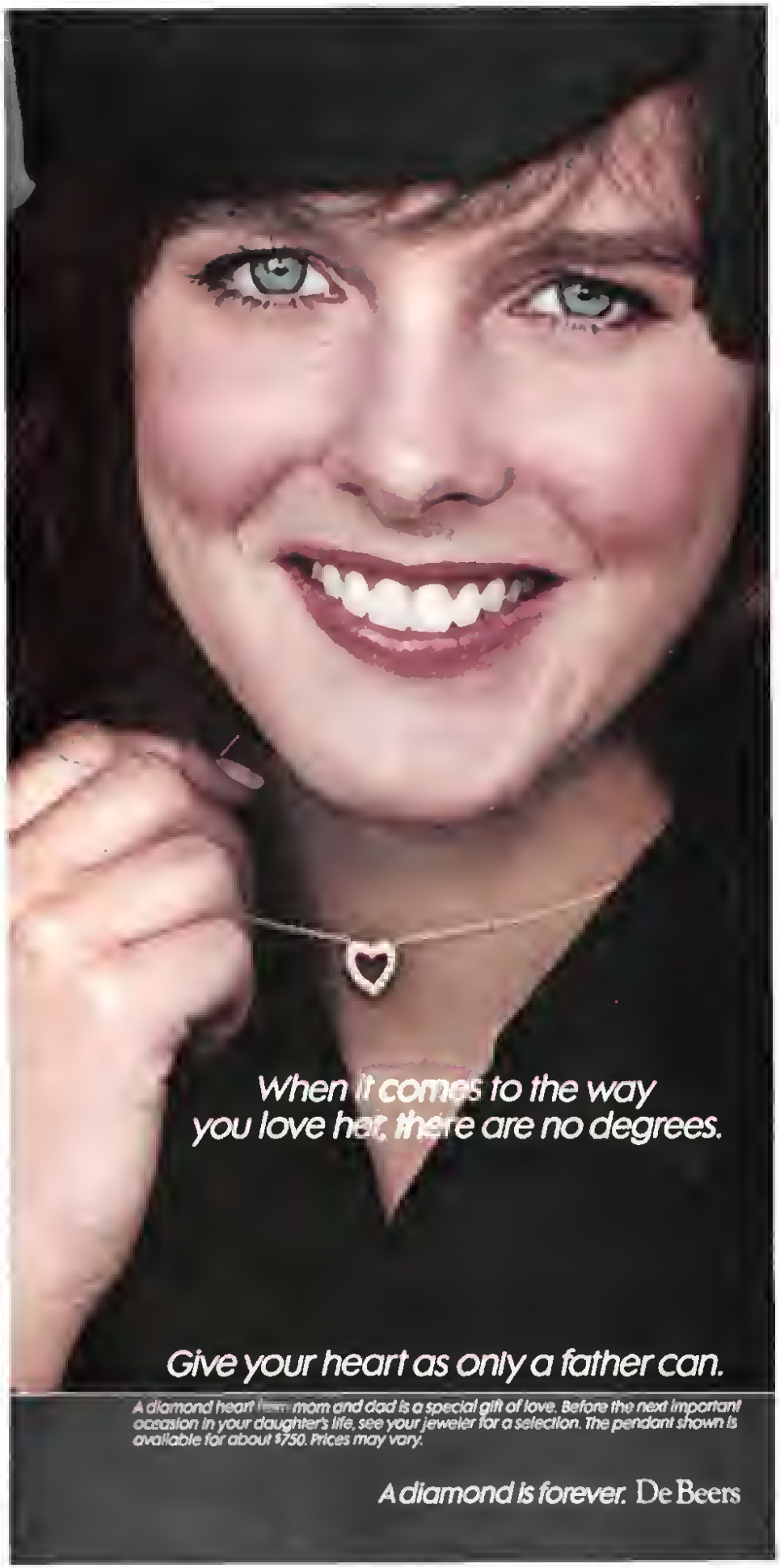
When I get in to see the doctor there's this big kid saying, 'Anybody in the 160-pound sub-novice can go home, because I'm winning the Golden Gloves this year.' I was scared. A big kid! Wouldn't you know, the very first night I end up fighting him?"

Cooney dropped the kid twice in the third round, won a decision and went on to win the sub-novice title, the first of his two Golden Gloves championships. So Tony Cooney had himself a fighter.

Gerry also played in the line on the high school football team—"He came to practice, but his mind was always somewhere else," says Coach Rick Cariddi—and did some wrestling, too. Still, Cooney's heart was never really in anything but boxing, so he turned to it full time, and his father drove and pushed him every day. By comparison, the time he had spent in the garden began to seem like a holiday.

Every day, all year, weather be damned, Tony Cooney woke up his sons at 5:30 a.m. for their run. He ran the three-mile course himself—a mile and a half up New York Avenue, a mile and a half back. "He never believed in wearing too much to go running," Gerry recalls. "A pair of dungarees, his boots and undershirt, a sweat shirt and a beanie. No gloves. Froze our tails off in the winter. We'd get home and he'd make us climb up the rope two or three times. He'd tied a rope to the branches of a tree. It wasn't like the fat rope you climbed in school. It was a thin rope. And you couldn't use your feet. He used to do it with us. Then we'd do exercises: sit-ups, push-ups, Chinese push-ups on your fingertips." And then the Cooney boys went to school.

"You can go all the way to the top, Gerry," Tony would tell him. "Just do what you're supposed to do. Don't waste it." After school, Cooney would rush to the Long Island Rail Road station in Huntington and catch a train to Jamaica, in Queens. Then he'd walk two blocks to a subway station for a short ride to the Queens Gym. There he would occasionally work out with Vito Antuofermo, the future middleweight champion of the world, and whatever heavyweights happened to be around. "My dad came after work and met me there to make sure I worked out," Cooney says. "We used to do this six, sometimes seven *continued*



CHECK OUT FORD COURIER

GREAT GAS MILEAGE IN ONE TOUGH TRUCK.

Courier's EPA est. MPG of (27) is unbeaten. And its 39 est. hwy. is the highest of the top sellers. Yes, Courier not only beats Toyota, it has the best overall mileage rating of all the top-selling compacts.

Fun to drive, Ford Courier is one tough truck: ladder-type frame ✓ 6-leaf springs ✓ front stabilizer bar ✓ power brakes ✓ 2.0L and optional 2.3L engines ✓ 1400 lb. payload ✓ and much more. Check out Ford Courier.

39/27 EST. HWY. / EPA EST. MPG

Ford with 2.0L engine and optional 5-speed. Compare this estimate to the estimated MPG of other trucks. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. California estimates lower. Diesels excluded.



Sports Group Option



5-Speed Option

Tough Ford Courier



FORD

FORD DIVISION

times a week, a hassle for a young kid 17 years old. I didn't understand him. I couldn't understand why he was trying to break me, busting my chops. I was in bed every night at 10 or 11 o'clock because my father said so. I liked to go out. I liked girls. But oo way. One day I got mad and said to him, 'Who do you want me to win for—for you or for me?' He just looked at me."

As time went on, Gerry found himself arguing increasingly with his father—over the hours he was keeping, over the length of his hair—and saw it was causing problems between his parents. "My mother was telling him to lighten up a little bit, and he was getting into arguments with her," Gerry says. So a few months after his graduation in 1974, he left home and moved into an apartment with his brother Mike. He continued fighting, though training now at his own pace. In 1975, near the end of an exceptional amateur career—he was 55–2—Cooney shook off a hard wallop to the chin from Nikolai Aksyonov, the Soviet heavyweight champion, in a bout at Madison Square Garden, then came back like a wild man and knocked him flat cold. Four months later he won the New York Golden Gloves heavyweight title. His father saw him pound the Russian, but he was too sick to make it to the Golden Gloves finals at Madison Square Garden. Two months after that, Tony Cooney died of lung cancer. He was 55.

Cooney hasn't gotten over it yet. "My father was never sick, *never*," Cooney says. "And I never could envision him being sick. I always thought he'd get better. Two weeks after he was buried it hit me—things I wanted to say to him and never said to him, things I wanted to do with him again. I realized why he made me do all those things. He wanted me to be better than him. He wanted me to have what he never had. That's all. It was hard to see then, but I see it now. I wish he were here so I could tell him that I understand."

Cooney quit fighting, letting pass a chance to try out for the U.S. Olympic boxing team. He just didn't care anymore. He worked for a while on a swimming pool construction gang, then left that job and idled at home. Late that summer, just sitting around, he got the urge to put the gloves on again. "I loved the game," he said. "I figured, 'What the heck. I'll give it another shot.' "

While Cooney was drifting away from boxing, Mike Jones and Dennis Rappaport, two Long Island real estate men, were just getting into it. Despite similarities in their line of work and in their long love affairs with boxing, the two share little else. Jones, 45, is a family man, conservative in style and taste, while Rappaport, 35, is a street-wise bachelor given to gold jewelry and modish clothes. Jones grew up in Brooklyn and eventually settled in Teaneck, N.J., where his father manufactured children's coats. He learned to box at summer camp as a boy. He never got over it. "I used to lie in bed and dream every night of fighting for the middleweight championship of the world," he says. Jones went into the real estate business in 1963, making a fortune buying, rehabilitating and selling one- and two-family houses.

Rappaport moved even faster. He also grew up in Brooklyn, the son of a cabaret owner and amateur fighter. At age 13, Dennis ran his own business. As "Dennis the Friendly Cookie Man," he was buying cookies wholesale by the box and managing a crew of 28 kids who sold them door to door. "I was netting $150 to $200 a week in those days," he says. At various times in his youth, Rappaport sold chinchillas for $1,000 a pair, opened a karate school in Greenwich Village and sold locks and security devices. He got into real estate by using the money earned in his various enterprises to buy homes that he then rented out. But it was boxing that fascinated him. "I always had a love for this sport," he says. "When I was a kid, I almost got on *The $64,000 Question*, but they figured a woman psychologist [Joyce Brothers] was more of a novelty than a snot-nosed kid."

The two men met while selling real estate on Long Island. They discovered their mutual interest in boxing and decided, in 1976, to go into partnership as managers. They came to be known as either "the Gold Dust Twins" or "the Whacko Twins," depending on one's point of view. After signing the 1976 Olympic lightweight gold medalist Howard Davis, they negotiated a $2 million deal for him with CBS-TV that was regarded at the time as something of a coup. Hence the Gold Dust Twins.

Trying to get a match for another of their fighters, 1968 Olympic lightweight gold medalist Ronnie Harris, who was having trouble finding opponents, they dressed up a real estate agent in a gorilla outfit and set him loose in Madison Square Garden. Teddy Brenner, the Garden matchmaker then, called Jones in a state of apoplexy.

"Jones!" he yelled. "That crazy bastard partner of yours is here with a gorilla. Get him outta here!"

"Teddy," said Jones, "All we want is a fight for Harris."

"You want to fight Sugar Ray Seales? I'll give you $2,500."

"Not enough," Jones said.

"If you don't say 'yes' immediately, I'll hang up."

"Yes," said Jones.

Hence the Whacko Twins.

Harris beat Seales and eventually got a crack at Hugo Corro's title, but he lost the fight on a controversial decision. For his part, Davis got a shot at the lightweight title, and he also got beat. And now the Gold Dust Twins have Cooney, who is just one fight away from the biggest title shot of all. Cooney negotiated with Jones and Rappaport for a couple of months before finally signing with them in late 1976. His new managers agreed to advance Cooney $200 a week against future earnings, charging no interest, and to find him an experienced trainer. Cooney wanted Cus D'Amato, who had taken Floyd Patterson to the heavyweight title, but D'Amato wanted to both train and manage the fighter, for the twins an unacceptable condition. They had to be the managers. D'Amato was one of several boxing men who recommended Puerto Rican-born Victor Valle as Cooney's trainer.

Valle, 63, has been handling fighters since 1938, when he himself had retired from the ring because of brittle hands. He had fought four years as a featherweight—he was 46–1, losing only to a future lightweight champion, Sammy Angott—and retired with a reputation as a quick, crafty professional. Valle had sparred with Tony Canzoneri and Barney Ross before several of their championship fights, and he especially admired fighters deft at feinting and slipping punches, defending themselves. "I like that kind of fighter," Valle says. "They come out of a fight cleaner and last longer."

Valle had trained Alfredo *continued*

Escalera to the WBC junior lightweight championship in 1975, but a falling-out with Escalera left him disillusioned and considering retirement. Jones and Rappaport came by just in time. When they asked Valle if he wanted to take on Cooney, Valle recalled having seen him, and scratched his head. "That big guy?" Valle asked. "Boy, he's going to be a lot of work." He said he would consider it, but first he wanted to have a meeting with Cooney.

The four men sat down for lunch in the Estoril Sol Restaurant, at 29th Street and Eighth Avenue in Manhattan. Every time Valle looked at Cooney, the trainer says, the fighter was grinning madly at him. Valle liked him immediately. Valle gave him his let's-get-this-straight-now speech, a high-volume set piece he had declaimed many times before. "You seem like a bright boy but let me tell you something," Valle said. "I am very strict. This is a business where you have to sacrifice your life. You have to give 100 percent. Even if you're not up to it. I don't take no baloney from nobody. You have to listen to everything I say. Don't waste my time! I'm not an easy fellow in the gym." Valle looked up and Cooney was still grinning at him. "You have to be without sex 21 days before a fight," he said.

"What?" blurted Cooney.

"At least 21 days! That's a rule."

Furthermore: "Don't ever lie to me!"

Also: "There are times I'm going to curse you."

But: "I will treat you like a son."

Cooney stretched out his hand to Valle. "You're my man!" he said.

"We just clicked," Valle says. "There was feeling there."

So Cooney started training under Valle at Gleason's Gym, a block from Madison Square Garden. Every weekday Cooney would leave his rented house in Huntington at about two, drive to Huntington station, and board the 2:59 train for Penn Station—a fighting commuter. The first day, Valle asked him to get in the ring and shadowbox a bit. The fighter hopped all around the ring, his arms and legs flying. "What are you jumping around so much for?" Valle asked. "You look like a kangaroo." His punches were too long, his footwork awkward. Because Cooney was born a lefty—he changed to a righthanded stance at the urging of his father—his right was virtually non-existent. He didn't know how to play the ropes, to spin off, to feint, slide, to give angles. His defense was bad, accounting for the raised bridge of his nose.

"Gerry caught on very fast," Valle says. "Other kids you keep talking and talking and they take a month to get the idea of it. When I teach something new to Gerry, he might make one or two mistakes, but it clicks. He says to me, 'Hey, I like that. That's good.' He's like a kid with a new toy. He's a little fox waiting for you to make a mistake. He's becoming a thinking fighter. He's throwing combinations. He's looking to place his punches in the right places. He's planning the fight in his head. Now there is no heavyweight who can play the ropes like him. Gerry will rip you inside, kill you inside. His left hook to the body is the most devastating I've seen."

Valle has labored to build Cooney mentally as well as physically. One day at Gleason's a couple of years ago Valle was working with him in the ring, showing him a trick, and Cooney swung and Valle inadvertently leaned forward and caught a fist flush on the chin. The trainer reeled in a swoon, tasting blood. He dimly recalls regaining his senses, still on his feet, and seeing Cooney running around the ring yelling, "Victor, you're bleeding! You're bleeding!" Blood was running out of Valle's mouth. He could barely stand.

"Forget about the damn blood!" the trainer yelled. "It's nothing!"

"But you're hurt!" Cooney cried.

"Back to work! Come on, show your goddam guts. . . ."

With Valle spitting blood, the lesson was resumed. "I had to take that and show him it was nothing," Valle says. "I was afraid it would create sympathy and soften his mind, make him feel pity, and he shouldn't feel pity in the ring."

"He became like a father to me," Cooney says. "I couldn't have learned what he taught me from anyone else. I feel when I get in there I have to hurt them. I don't want to get excited. But I want to hurt them. It sounds sick. I see the look in their eyes when I hurt them and I see the fear in their eyes and it makes me feel in control. You can see it in their eyes. I want to hurt them. But I'm not that type of person outside the ring. I guess I'm a two-personality guy. It's developed since I've been with Victor."

Cooney is a remorseless gym fighter. He stalks, and Valle, on the apron of the ring, shouts for pressure. He was in the ring with 210-pound heavyweight Roger Troupe not long ago and looked as tenacious as a ferret. "Throw the right hand!" Valle yelled. "Now come back with the hook. Hook inside! That's it." A hook to the ribs sent Troupe sagging. "Keep down, Gerry. Keep rolling underneath. Right there! Weave in there. Short punches, Gerry. Short punches!" Troupe suddenly jabbed and Cooney threw a right hand over it, landing it on Troupe's nose. Troupe was bleeding. Now inside, Cooney rammed a hook to the side and Troupe caved into a corner, sinking into it until he appeared to be sitting on a nonexistent stool. Trainer Carmen Graziano, who used to have Joey Giardello, rolled his eyes.

"Cooney has shortened all his punches," he said. "Tremendous power in both hands. Joe Frazier had a yard-long hook. This guy throws a hook seven inches and you're down. He's like a well-equipped carpenter. He needs a chisel, he has a chisel; he needs a saw, he grabs a saw; he needs a hammer, he has a hammer."

Just as a wounded, blood-spitting Valle had insisted that Cooney continue with his lesson—Cooney had loosened all of Valle's teeth that day, damage that required $6,000 in repair work—so Valle has demanded of Cooney that he never let up in the ring, even during sparring sessions. "When the bell rings, I got to be in shape,' Cooney says. "If I just go in there and parry and parry with sparring partners, how am I going to get in condition?"

"Valle is not just a trainer to Gerry," says Eileen Cooney. "He talks to me now like I've known him all my life. He tells me what Gerry should and shouldn't do, like, 'Mrs. Cooney, we got to tell him he can't stay out late. . . . We've got to get Gerry to do his running. . . . I don't want him hurt in the ring. . . .' Gerry loves him so much."

Valle sounded like Tony Cooney during that very first meeting at the Estoril, and he has proved to be every bit as stern a disciplinarian. Cooney was in training for the Feb. 23 fight with Norton that was postponed at the last minute when promoter Harold Smith/Ross *continued*

Kodak.
In support of excellence.



Denise Curry
UCLA

Anne Donovan
Old Dominion

Pam Kelly
Louisiana Tech

Kris Kirchner
Rutgers

Carol Menken
Oregon State

Cindy Noble
Tennessee

LaLuniva Pollard
Long Beach State

Bev Smith
Oregon

Valerie Walker
Cheney State

Lynette Woodard
Kansas

Meet the AIAW Kodak Women's All-America Basketball Team.

These ten remarkable young women athletes were selected by the coaches of the Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women. They represent the best of thousands of women who now participate in intercollegiate women's basketball.

As sponsors of the Kodak Sports Programs, Eastman Kodak Company supports the achievements of each of these women. Because we believe their achievements can become a standard of excellence for all.

The AIAW/Kodak Women's All-America Basketball Team

© Eastman Kodak Company 1981

Fields disappeared. The boxer showed up at Gleason's in a blue, three-piece, pin-striped suit. He had just had his hair styled—washed, cut, shaped and blown dry—and he was shaved to the quick. The gym was rank and musty, fighters were skipping rope and sparring, and Cooney seemed as out of place at that moment as the green-eyed, Irish lass who had come by to see him train.

Cooney didn't want to train that afternoon. It was bitter outside and he felt a cold coming on. Besides, there was a whole card of fights scheduled for the Felt Forum that night and he was dressed to kill and there were people to see and things to do and all that fun to be had in New York City. He approached Valle as the trainer stood on the apron of the ring, shouting orders at two sparring fighters. Cooney looked up at Valle like a puppy and said something in Valle's left ear.

"You do your work now, Gerry!" Valle cried. "I can't let you go like this. Now go get dressed."

"But Victor, I'll train on Saturday," Cooney replied, softly. "I'll train *twice* as hard to make up for it. I promise."

Valle shook his head and waved his right hand through the air. His voice rose. "Do your work now! You have got to have a schedule. Your body is a system. It has to work on a schedule, Gerry. It is very important. You can't go now!"

Cooney leaned forward, closer to Valle, and implored in a suppressed whisper. "I'll train Saturday," Cooney promised. "I'm sick, Victor. I'll get all sweaty." And, finally, out came the real reason Cooney wanted the day off: "*My hair will get all wet!*"

Valle looked at Cooney, his eyebrows lifting in arches, his voice rising in anger. "You can't worry about your *hair*! You can't miss a day!"

"But Victor, I'll get sick if my hair gets wet and I go outside." Cooney said, "I know I'll get sick."

"No you won't," Valle said. "You can wear a hat!"

"But Victor, I have to go to the fights tonight."

"Wear a hat over there! Then you go into the men's room and you comb it."

"But Victor, my hair's longer than yours. I can't just comb it. *I have to blow-dry it!*"

Valle's eyebrows went up again and his voice rose in a raspy bark. "You have to train! You have to sacrifice! You're a fighter, Gerry, not an actor!" And Cooney went, back to the lockers, muttering, "He's always busting my chops."

Though Cooney has won all 24 of his professional fights, 20 by knockout, there are many in boxing who doubt him still. He had two fights in 1980, stopping Jimmy Young in four rounds, leaving Young's face a bloody mess, and knocking out Ron Lyle in one, fracturing one of his ribs. But, critics say, both Young and Lyle are over the hill. Of course, the disinclination to believe in Cooney stems, at least in part, from the fact that he's a white man in what has become a black man's division. In the past 40 years the only non-blacks to hold the title were Ingemar Johansson (for one year between bouts with Floyd Patterson) and Rocky Marciano. Holmes isn't the only black fighter to call Cooney "The Great White Hope" (and "Great White Dope").

But Cooney has consistently refused to view his drive for the title in a racial context. In fact, publicly and privately, he laments that the issue of race is even raised. "I just want to be the heavyweight champion," he says. "I understand it; the subject's going to be there. But I just want the opportunity to fight for the title and to prove that I'm worthy of it. The Great White Hope stuff is aggravating."

Race aside, there are questions about Cooney's stamina—he has never been beyond eight rounds—about his ability to take a punch, the effectiveness of his right hand, and his ability to resist the kind of pressure that a Holmes could put on him.

"If Cooney is ever in a real fight, with a real fighter, what does he do?" asked Promoter Bob Arum. "Does he know how to suck it up? When push comes to shove, when someone puts pressure on him, I don't know how he'll react. I don't know what his stamina would be. The thing I have to admit is that people whose opinions I respect in boxing even more than mine think Cooney is a hell of a prospect."

Like Gil Clancy. Until he became the matchmaker at the Garden 2½ years ago, Clancy was one of the most respected trainers in boxing. He was the co-manager of Emile Griffith, a five-time champion. He has been watching Cooney since Cooney's amateur days. Clancy says that it is simply not true that the fighter has never taken a punch, pointing to the wallops he took from the Russian, Aksyonov, from Dino Denis, whom Cooney knocked out, and others. "Denis hit him with a good right hand and it didn't even bother him," Clancy says. "Cooney got mad. And people make too much out of that no-right-hand business. He used both hands in stopping Jimmy Young."

Consider, Clancy says, the recent 15-round title fight between Holmes and Trevor Berbick. "Those guys go 15 rounds and they look like they just finished playing Ping-Pong or something. When you go in the ring with Cooney, he puts marks on you. If you're in there for three minutes with him, you look like you've been in there three hours. That's the way Joe Louis used to be."

The fact is, of course, no one yet knows how good Gerry Cooney is or how deep he goes. The fighter refuses to be drawn into such discussions, just as he adamantly refuses to strut his world proclaiming any notions of superiority he might have. Before a fight, Eileen Cooney says, he calls her up and says, "I hope I do good, Mom." He doesn't lack confidence, he says, but he will simply not lay any claim to what he feels he hasn't yet earned. So he waves away all talk of the title when even Geraldine Gorman brings it up, saying he must beat Ken Norton first.

"I used to dream what it would be like to be heavyweight champion of the world," says Cooney, "but I never let it interfere too much with my life. If you really want something bad enough, you can have it—sometimes. My father would be proud I'm ranked No. 1 in the world. But really I'm only halfway there.

"Do you know what I would really like? I would like to go to my 10th class reunion as the heavyweight champion of the world."

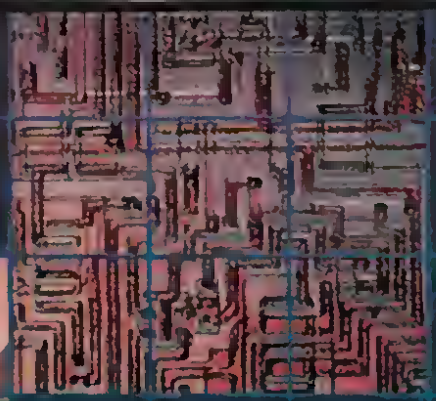
There is a long pause. He is driving through Huntington now, listening to Christopher Cross singing *Sailing*, and his own mind is sailing. "Yeah," he continues, "I want people to see I haven't changed at all since high school. When I was in high school, lots of people thought I was crazy, being a fighter. I just want to let them know that I made it. I think that would be really nice. Go to a 10-year class reunion, just as I had left school: the same person, except as heavyweight champion of the world." END

WE DIDN'T GET TO BE THE LEADING AUTO SOUND SPECIALIST BY STANDING STILL.



Simulated LED readout

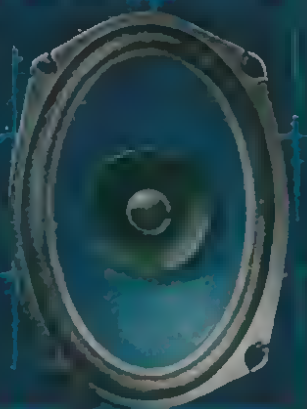
AUTO SOUND IS DIFFERENT THAN HOME SOUND. Nobody knows that better than Delco. We've been leading the way with specialized sound systems for GM cars and trucks for over 44 years. Our auto sound firsts include: the first solid state radio, the first AM/FM car stereo, and the first in-dash radio/tape player.



WE KNOW DRIVING IS A FULL-TIME JOB. So, we pioneered the use of practical features such as push-button tuning. At Delco we specialize in developing sophisticated electronic inner circuitry which eliminates the need for distracting switches and tiny controls.



WE MAKE SPEAKERS FEEL AT HOME ON THE ROAD. Extreme heat, humidity and vibration in the automotive environment can quickly deteriorate speakers. All of our standard speakers and our optional Delco Sound™ extended range speakers are designed to perform in this severe environment.



HOME STEREO STANDS STILL. Car stereo doesn't. To compensate for vehicle movement, Delco ETR™ cassette units contain sophisticated features such as: microprocessors, keyed AGCs and audio processor circuits to improve reception. Automatically.



THE LAST THING YOU WANT IS STATIC. A car stereo is surrounded by electrical components which can generate static. Because we know the entire electrical system of GM vehicles, we build features like impulse noise blankers into Delco-GM stereo systems to help minimize interference.

BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS. When you buy your new GM car or truck, ask your dealer to demonstrate a Delco sound system. Your ears are in for a pleasant surprise. Nobody knows the inside of GM vehicles quite like the automotive sound specialists at Delco Electronics Division of General Motors Corporation.

Delco GM

MILES AHEAD IN SOUND EXPERIENCE.

THE LOWER YOUR RECORDING SPEED, THE MORE YOU NEED MAXELL HIGH GRADE.

Whenever you use your video cassette recorder for slow motion, freeze frame or in the six-hour mode, it must operate at a lower speed. Even though most recorders are designed to handle this, most videocassettes aren't.

Lower recording speeds place a lot more pressure on the video tape, which can cause the magnetic oxide particles on the tape's surface to loosen and eventually fall off. And once a tape starts to lose its oxide particles, you start to lose your picture quality.

Unlike ordinary video tape, Maxell High Grade is designed to give you a clear, sharp picture at any recording speed. Our oxide particles are smaller and more densely packed on the tape surface.



Which is why we have better color resolution, frequency response and signal-to-noise ratio, especially at the lower speeds.

And, because of our unique binding process and calendering system, the oxide particles on Maxell High Grade stay put. This drastically reduces friction and video recorder head wear. So not only will you get better picture quality, but you'll also be able to enjoy it a lot longer.

And you thought all video tape was pretty much the same.

maxell
IT'S WORTH IT.

Reminiscence

by BEN WAXMAN

THE A'S TEAM TAILOR STRUCK A GOLDEN FRIENDSHIP WITH A DIAMOND STICKPIN

When I was a boy, my father owned a tailoring and dry-cleaning store scarcely a block away from Shibe Park, home of the Philadelphia Athletics who subsequently moved to Kansas City and now reside in Oakland. Pop was the team tailor and as such he repaired torn uniforms and ripped flags, and cleaned and pressed the players' uniforms and street clothes.

Recently, a nostalgic sportscaster said that there probably were no more Babe Ruth stories left. But he was wrong. There is still one—mine.

One early July day in the mid-'20s, the New York Yankees were in Philadelphia for a Saturday doubleheader. Pop and I had picked up a lot of suits for pressing, among them two belonging to Ruth himself.

It was customary for my father to go through the pockets and to brush out the cuffs of the pants before pressing each suit. He was routinely going through Ruth's pockets when he felt a small box. It contained a diamond stickpin. Hurrying to the phone, Pop called Steve Monaghan, the club attendant, and said he would return the pin himself.

When the second game ended, Pop waited to give the players time to shower and dress, then entered the clubhouse, went directly over to the Babe and returned the stickpin. Babe offered Pop a reward, but my father refused. Ruth, seeing Pop so determined, thanked him, shook hands with him, and then Pop went back to work feeling pleased at having met Ruth in person under such pleasant circumstances.

About an hour later, my parents were in the back room when they heard a commotion out front. Pop hurried out and was stunned to find Babe Ruth autographing baseballs, cards, pieces of paper—anything. When the crowd cleared, the Babe walked over to Pop.

"Mr. Waxman, I've come to thank you again, and please forgive the interruption of your business," he said. Pop, speechless, just mumbled.

Mama had come out front and heard Babe's words. In her less-than-perfect English she asked whether Babe would care to come into the back room for some gefilte fish.

"I sure would, Ma'am," he answered.

The threesome went into the dining room. I followed, astonished. Mama brought out the fish which was garnished with sugared carrots. She set up three plates and silverware, and also served homemade challah. Putting two large portions of fish on the Babe's plate, she cut a large slice of challah and nodded to Pop to go to the closet.

"Mr. Root, a schnapps, maybe?" she asked. Babe grinned and nodded yes. Pop brought out the bottle and glasses. Babe gulped down the fish, then asked if he could have another piece, more challah, another drink. When Babe had had his fill, he leaned back in his chair.

"Mama, that fish is sensational," he said. "You'll have to give me your recipe. And don't forget the instructions on how to bake this—what do you call it?—this challah bread." With that he pulled out a large black cigar from his pocket and offered one to Pop. My father shook his head politely, saying that he couldn't smoke until after sundown on the Sabbath. Babe sputtered apologetically and put the cigar back in his pocket.

Then, inadvertently, I started a fuss. "Pop, how come when the Babe comes to bat, and you're watching the game, you say things in Yiddish like '*Brech a foos*'? "

Babe looked at me. "What's *brech a foos*?"

"Break a leg," I answered. Pop was ready to rip me apart. I ran to Mama's side, just in case. The Babe roared, and tears rolled down his face. I continued, "And the other Yankees—you curse them too when they come up to bat. That's not being a good sport." Pop was livid. The Babe's big frame shook as he asked, "What does he say about the other guys?" But before I could answer, Mama clamped a hand over my mouth.

My mother tried to explain that my father's fanaticism as a hometown rooter sometimes caused him to make comments about the players of the opposing teams. Babe put his arms around Pop and Mama, asking that they go easy on me. Giving me a wink, he handed me a dollar and advised that I scram. Rising from the table, he kissed Mama on the cheek, shook hands warmly with Pop and prepared to leave.

Ruth then asked my mother whether she had ever seen him play. Mama shook her head.

"Why don't you and Harry come to the ball park on the Fourth?" He bade them goodby and blew a kiss to Mama on the way out of the store. The Fourth was on a Monday, and Mama asked Pop to take her to the game. He agreed. They sat in the stands near home plate about three rows back. His first time up, the Babe flied out. But on his second at bat he caught hold of a fastball and it sailed out of the park. Even the Philly fans cheered. As he neared home plate, Ruth looked to the left where Mama and Pop sat. As he crossed the plate, he doffed his cap. My mother beamed like a young girl, sure the gesture was meant for her alone.



I've since heard it said that Babe Ruth hated fish, but if he did, he didn't show it at our house. A couple of weeks after the game, two packages from the Babe arrived in the mail. There was a silk shawl for Mama, a watch for Pop. Inside were identical notes: "You've already opened the packages, so you can't send them back." And an extra note to Mama: "Dear Mama: What new Yiddish curses has Poppa dreamed up against the Yankees?" Mama laughed, Pop grinned and I just stood there and watched. END

Sports Illustrated Invites You to Nominate Your Favorite Golf Pro for the PGA/SI Merchandiser of the Year Awards



Robert E. Hackman
Medinah Country Club (Private)
Medinah, Illinois



Al D. Starr
Yahara Hills Golf Course (Public)
Madison, Wisconsin



Robert E. Putt
Horseshoe Bay Country Club (Resort)
Marble Falls, Texas

1980 National Winners

The Merchandiser of the Year awards program was established in 1978 by SI and the PGA to give professionals national recognition for excellence in golf shop operation.

Sports Illustrated is proud to honor these PGA professionals for the personal, knowledgeable service they provide in their golf shops...service that makes the game of golf, and the people who play it, the real winners.

Nominate now for 1981

Merchandiser of the Year nominations for 1981 are now being accepted. And if you have a favorite golf pro, one who handles your golf business professionally and expertly, fill out and mail the special form provided below.

Winners officially announced and honored in Florida

Special regional PGA committees will evaluate every nominee and decide who best fulfills the criteria for selection. Then, from the sectional finalists, three *national* Merchandisers of the Year will be chosen by a panel that includes PGA officers, and representatives from the Golf Manufacturers and Distributors Association, Sports Illustrated, and a leading manufacturer's "rep" organization.

All winners will be announced officially at the PGA Merchandise Show next January in Florida. The three national winners will each receive an expense-paid trip for two to the show where they'll be presented with their awards. Sectional finalists will also receive permanent mementos marking their achievement.

Say "thank you" to *your* favorite professional

So if your golf professional merits consideration for the award, just fill out, detach and mail the Merchandiser of the Year nominating form below. Use an extra sheet of paper if you want to go into more detail, but the important thing is to get your nomination in without delay. Deadline is September 1, 1981, so mail your form soon to: PGA/SI Merchandiser of the Year Awards, Sports Illustrated—Room 1942, Time-Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Spend a moment to say "thank you" to a golf professional who's spent years serving you and your fellow golfers well.



PGA/SI Merchandiser of the Year Awards

PGA/SI "Merchandiser of the Year" Nominating Form

Mail to: Sports Illustrated—Room 1942, Time-Life Bldg.
Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10020

Name of your Pro Nominee (please print) _____

Golf Course Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NOTE: All nominees must be PGA members.

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CATEGORY (CHECK ONE.)
☐ Private ☐ Public ☐ Resort

Here's why my nominee deserves consideration for this award: (Indicate your pro's strengths by checking appropriate statements below.)

- ☐ Pro knows me and how I play the game
- ☐ Shop is well-maintained with merchandise attractively displayed
- ☐ Shop personnel are courteous and well-trained.
- ☐ A wide variety of high-quality merchandise is available.
- ☐ Special events, promotions and innovations are featured.
- ☐ Pro goes out of his way to make sure I get the right equipment and accessories at the right price.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 20-26

Compiled by N. BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: The Rockets beat the Kings 97–78 in Kansas City to open the best-of-seven Western Conference championship series. In that game K.C. committed 26 turnovers and Houston's Moses Malone scored 29 points. Malone was held to 18 points in Game 2 as the Kings triumphed 88–79 behind 31 points by Reggie King. In the third game, in Houston, Kansas City's defense was even more effective against Malone, who had only 12 points, but the Rockets got 23 from Calvin Murphy to win 92–88. Houston scored a 100–89 fourth-game victory on Sunday, in which Malone exploded for 42 points and 23 rebounds. In the East, Philadelphia took a 3–1 lead over Boston (*page 14*).

WBL: Behind 39 points by rookie Center Rose Walker, the Nebraska Wranglers clinched the best-of-five league championship series with a 99–90 victory over the Dallas Diamonds in Game 5 in Omaha.

BOWLING—STEVE COOK beat Pete Couture 287–183 to win a $150,000 PBA tournament in Akron, Ohio.

BOXING—THOMAS HEARNS retained his WBA welterweight championship with a 13th-round TKO of Randy Shields in Phoenix (*page 64*).

MATTHEW SAAD MUHAMMAD successfully defended his WBC light-heavyweight crown with a ninth-round KO of Murray Sutherland in Atlantic City, N.J.

HILARIO ZAPATA retained his WBC junior flyweight title with a 15-round decision over Rudy Crawford in San Francisco.

GOLF—TOM WATSON shot an 18-under-par 270 to win the $350,000 New Orleans Open by two strokes over Bruce Fleisher.

BETH SOLOMON defeated Jane Blalock on the third hole of sudden death to win the $100,000 Birmingham (Ala.) Classic. Both finished regulation play at 206, 10 under par.

HARNESS RACING—NO NO NERO ($63.60), driven by Stan Bayless, beat Armbro Willard by a neck to win the $401,500 Los Alamitos Spring Championship. The 3-year-old covered the mile in 1:57⅘. The purse was the richest in California harness-racing history.

HOCKEY—With a 13–1 triumph over Sweden, the Soviet Union's national team clinched its 17th world championship, in Goteborg, Sweden.

NHL: The Islanders, ahead two games to one in their best-of-seven quarterfinal series with Edmonton when the week began, got a 5–4 victory in overtime of Game 4 on a long slap shot by Defenseman Ken Morrow that deflected off Oiler Defenseman Lee Fogolin and slid past Goaltender Andy Moog. In the next game Moog turned away 29 shots as Edmonton stayed alive with a 4–3 triumph, but the Islanders put an end, by a 5–2 score, to the Oilers' challenge on the same evening that the Rangers finished off St. Louis (*page 66*) to set up an intra-New York semifinal series. After having lost its three opening games to Minnesota, Buffalo ended regulation play in Game 4 in a 4–4 tie. In overtime Sabre Goalie Don Edwards turned away 12 shots—he had 46 saves in all for the evening—and Buffalo's Craig Ramsay tapped in a rebound of an Andre Savard shot with 3:28 remaining to win the game 5–4. The Sabres were eliminated two nights later as the North Stars won 4–3 to run their record in the 1981 playoffs to 7–1. Calgary got a 3–1 upper hand against Philadelphia with a 5–4 triumph in which Defenseman Randy Hoft scored the Flames' last two goals. The Flyers then rallied, winning 9–4, in a game marred by 10 minutes of brawling and 161 minutes of penalties, and 3–2 in Philly's latter victory, its first ever in Calgary's Stampede Corral, the Flyers were paced by Ken Linseman, who had two goals. But the Flames won the series with a 4–1 triumph on Sunday night, as Goalie Pat Riggin stopped 31 Philadelphia shots.

HORSE RACING—PROUD APPEAL ($3), Jeff Fell up, defeated Law Me by three lengths to win the $186,225 Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland in Lexington, Ky. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1⅛ miles in 1:51⅘.

ELEVEN STITCHES ($18.40), ridden by Sandy Hawley, beat Glorious Song by a neck to win the $164,600 Mervyn LeRoy Handicap at Hollywood Park. The 4-year-old colt covered the mile in 1:36⅘.

MOTOR SPORTS—MORGAN SHEPHERD, averaging 75.019 mph in a Pontiac, won the Virginia 500 Grand National on the 525-mile Martinsville Speedway. He finished 15 seconds ahead of Neil Bonnett, who drove a Ford.

SOCCER—As week's end, four teams were tied for the NASL's best record at 4–1. Northwest Division-leading Vancouver got there by beating Minnesota 1–0 on a goal by Gerry Gray with 26 seconds remaining, while Fort Lauderdale took the lead in the Southern Division with a 2–0 triumph at Atlanta. Washington, which got an assist from Goalie Jim Brown on its way to a win at Toronto (4–2), shared the Eastern Division's best record with the Cosmos, who defeated Tampa Bay 4–1.

TABLE TENNIS—The national women's team of the People's Republic of China retained its world title with a 3–0 victory over South Korea in Novi Sad, Yugoslavia.

TENNIS—IVAN LENDL defeated Harold Solomon 6–4, 6–2 to win a $340,000 tournament in Las Vegas.

CHRIS EVERT LLOYD beat Martina Navratilova 6–0, 6–0 in a $250,000 tournament in Amelia Island, Fla.

TRACK & FIELD—The University of Oklahoma sprint medley relay team of COTY DULING, DANNIE CARTER, FREDDIE WILSON and DYRK DAHL set a collegiate and American record of 3:13.39 at the Drake Relays in Des Moines, Iowa. Their performance surpassed Missouri's collegiate record of 3:13.66 set in 1979 by a team that included two foreigners, and the American mark (3:14.43) established by Prairie View A&M, also in 1979.

MILEPOSTS—CLEARED: By an eight-member jury in Maricopa County (Ariz.) Superior Court, former Arizona State Football Coach FRANK KUSH, 52, of a claim that he harassed former Sun Devil punter Kevin Rutledge into quitting the team (*page 9*).

By a six-member U.S. district court jury in New York, the World Boxing Council and its president, JOSÉ SULAIMAN, 49, in a $1 million antitrust suit brought by boxing promoter Teddy Brenner (*page 12*).

NAMED: As basketball coach at Brown, MIKE CINGISER, 40, who scored 1,331 points as a Bruin player from 1960 through 1962.

As basketball coach at Jacksonville, ROBERT WENZEL, 31, formerly an assistant at South Carolina. He replaces Tates Locke, who was fired.

DIED: VINCENT TAMBORELLO, 41, harness racing driver of 10 years' experience, of head and chest injuries suffered in a multi-horse accident at Maywood Park near Chicago.

CREDITS

4—Tony Triolo. 22—Heinz Kluetmeier (top). 30,31—Mark Peristein. 32—Andy Hayt. 37—Mark Peristein. 38—Paul Kennedy. 38-43—Richard Mackson. 64—Mark Kauffman (top), Jerry Cooke (bottom left), Ken Regan-Camera 5. 68—Steve Mercer. 86—Richard Mackson. 68,71—Tony Triolo. 78—Tony Triolo (top), Manny Millan. 81—Bill Murphy-Oregon Journal (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD



SALLY CASALE
BEAVERTON, ORE.

Casale, 26, an electronics technician, bowled an 815 series—288, 259, 268—at Valley Lanes in Beaverton II was the best sanctioned score in the nation by a woman during the 1980-81 season and ranks fourth on the WIBC all-time list.



BENNIE ANDERS
BERNICE, LA.

Bennie, a 6' 5" senior guard at Bernice High, averaged 29.2 points and 11.9 rebounds a game to lead the Bears to a 29–4 regular-season record and a 59–48 victory over Oak Grove High in the state Class A championship basketball game.



KAREN ANDREWS
SAN DIEGO

Andrews, 21, a pitcher for the UCLA women's fastpitch softball team, went 29 innings—and threw 316 pitches—to beat Texas A&M 2–1. At week's end she was 12–1 with a 0.50 ERA in 1981. She has had seven no-hitters in her college career.



SCOTT KELLY
VELVA, N. DAK.

Scott, a junior wrestler at Velva High, decisioned Darwin Dewald of Napoleon 13–0 at the state Class B meet to win his third consecutive 185-pound championship. He has also won 67 straight matches and has a career record of 90–4.



JULIE MOODY
KENMORE, N.Y.

Julie, 13, beat Beth Larsen of Fremont, Calif. 11–1, 11–8 in San Jose to win her second straight girls' 13-and-under national badminton title. She also won the doubles (with Beth) and the mixed doubles (with Joel Goldstein of Flint, Mich.).



DANFORTH HAGLER
AUGUSTA, GA.

Danforth, 19, a forward for the Culver (Ind.) Military Academy polo squad, scored 12 goals to lead Culver to a 20–10 victory over The Polo Club of Chicago youth team and its second consecutive U.S. interscholastic championship.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

DIVERSIONS

Sir:

From tennis to baseball, hot-air ballooning to donkey baseball, your April 20 issue had it all.

DOUGLAS H. ALLEN
Winnfield, La.

Sir:

It's kind of embarrassing to be sitting in your room alone, laughing loudly, especially when you're supposed to be studying pathophysiology, but that story on donkey baseball by Giles Tippette was funny.

ROBERT KLAPPER
New York City

HOT-CORNERMEN

Sir:

It escapes me how you can devote eight pages of your magazine to third basemen (*Third Is the Word*, April 13) and mention the best one ever only in passing. Graig Nettles will be a better fielder than either Mike Schmidt or George Brett when he is 66. I hope you will redeem yourselves during the course of the season.

JOE BRAMBIL
New York City

Sir:

Regarding Jim Kaplan's list of major league third basemen who are in the Hall of Fame, I have talked a number of times with James (Cool Papa) Bell here in St. Louis. He has told me that he has seen Pie Traynor, Brooks Robinson, Jimmy Collins *et al.*, and he says that William (Judy) Johnson was one of the best. Why must we keep omitting references to these great black stars? True, Johnson wasn't in the "bigs," but he *is* in the Hall of Fame along with my hero, Bell.

BILL MOUSHEY
St. Louis

Sir:

Fielding, hitting, longevity, All-Star appearances—doesn't anyone, including the Hall of Fame voters, remember George Clyde Kell?

C. H. WENDELL
Placentia, Calif.

Sir:

Anyone who thinks that Freddie Lindstrom got into baseball's Hall of Fame solely on his bat is a baseball ignoramous. Lindstrom was an excellent fielder with great range. To classify him as a "fixture rather than a fielder" would be ridiculous. John McGraw, rightly called *the* manager by SI, decided in 1931 that Lindstrom's great speed would be of even more value in the outfield. He moved Lindy to centerfield. While a "fixture" can be hidden in left or right, a centerfielder must be able to move. Believe me, when Lindstrom was at third, he made all the plays.

JOHN MCCORMACK
Dallas

MORE TRICKS

Sir:

Steve Wulf's article *Tricks of the Trade* (April 13) was most enlightening for the average fan. However, as a former major leaguer, I believe the number of pitchers who cheat deliberately is somewhat exaggerated. I also think there should be a distinction made between cheating and a smart play that confuses the base runners. When a base runner calls it bush to be trapped off base by the maneuvers of a Fred Stanley or a Bobby Grich, he's simply alibiing for being outsmarted.

No base runner should ever be victimized by the hidden ball trick. The runner should never get off the bag until the pitcher gets up on the mound and is ready to pitch. If the pitcher makes contact with the rubber without having the ball in his possession and the runner is tagged by the baseman, the runner isn't called out. Instead, a balk is called and the runner advances a base. All players who take a lead before the pitcher gets on the mound should be fined.

Back in the 1920s, when I was playing with the Cardinals, we used bats that were prone to strip or open up lengthwise because they dried out in the sun. The club's frugal top brass didn't supply the players—Rogers Hornsby among them—with many bats, so we had to try to fix them by nailing them together. I always did this, as did many others on our club, but I don't recall any umpire doing anything about it. I do recall that when the great George Sisler was batting over .400 for the St. Louis Browns, he loaded his bat with nails and had it taken away from him. He may have been fined by American League President Ban Johnson.

GEORGE (SPECS) TOPORCER
Huntington Station, N.Y.

• Dick and George Jr., two of Sisler's sons, say that they've never heard that story about their father, and Dick maintains that his father would never have done anything illegal. George does remember receiving as presents from his father some bats that had been broken and nailed together. Says George, "I would say, if it was done, it was in the spirit of a player trying to preserve a favorite bat rather than as an attempt to hit the ball harder or farther."

However, in a 1953 column, J. Roy Stockton, then sports editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, shed a different light on the subject. He quoted Willis Johnson, the Browns' traveling secretary in Sisler's day, as saying that Sisler got 23 hits from a bat in spring training one year during the early '20s. But after the season began and the bat had been hauled around and thrown into bat racks and trunks for a while, it began to split at the meat end, and Sisler went to teammate Jimmy Austin for help. Austin reportedly hammered some brads into the bat to keep the splits from spreading. Then, for good measure, he pounded in more of the nails all around the fat end of the bat. Sisler continued to get a lot of hits with this bat, until one day White Sox Second Baseman Eddie Collins noticed a glint reflecting off Sisler's bat as Sisler swung and asked to inspect it. Sisler refused, but Plate Umpire George Moriarty saw the brads and declared the bat illegal. Austin then went to a music store and bought some blue Victrola needles, which he hammered into the bat in place of the brads, and Browns Pitcher Elam Vangilder rubbed the bat with tobacco juice and honed it with a ham bone. Sisler used the bat, Stockton reported, until it finally snapped in two and Austin had both ends burned before anyone could see how it had been doctored.—ED

Sir:

The best tricks are the legal but sometimes devious skills that many fans don't appreciate. My favorite example occurred in Yankee Stadium when, with a Boston runner at first, a solid single was hit into centerfield. Joe DiMaggio came in a few steps to field the ball on the ground, raised up and turned his left shoulder toward third and then, in the same smooth movement, fired the ball ankle-high into second base. The runner was caught leaning toward third. Great deception, good baseball and a runner removed from scoring position.

ARTHUR L. HARNETT
State College, Pa.

Sir:

Particularly interesting was Steve Wulf's aerodynamic analysis of the spitball, which was brilliant but totally incorrect. Wulf cites Schlichting's *Boundary Layer Theory* in claiming that the magic behind the spitball is somehow related to Stokes' equation for the drag of a sphere:

$$D = 6\pi\mu R U_{\infty}.$$

Hermann Schlichting certainly would never make such a claim, for as any major league pitcher with a thorough understanding of viscous aerodynamics and boundary layer theory would tell you, Stokes' equation is valid only when the viscous forces acting on a body

continued



HELP KEEP THIS MAN IN TEARS.

Canio, the tragic figure in Pagliacci, has brought tears of joy to millions.

Yet these tears of joy could easily turn to sorrow.

The Metropolitan Opera's task of maintaining its standard of excellence is becoming more costly. And that's where you can play an important role.

Pioneer will double the amount of whatever you can give. Your gift will help the Metropolitan Opera match its grants from the National Endowment for the Arts. That way the Met can put more into each performance and you can get more out of it.

So help us help the Metropolitan Opera. Or people who enjoy a great tragedy will really have something to cry about.

Enclosed is my donation of $ Checks should be made payable to: The Metropolitan Opera/Pioneer Fund. Mail the coupon with your donation to: The Met, c/o U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 85 Oxford Dr., Moonachie, N.J. 07074

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

PIONEER®

We all owe a lot to music.

Now Available to Collectors of Western Art Remington's Favorite Bronze...

The Rattlesnake



Issued in cooperation with The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, in a numbered edition of 1,000, the replica is hand-finished, cast in bronze by the lost wax process. It is approximately 17½ inches high with American Walnut base, three-fourths the size of the original.

Museum Collections Announces the Fourth in a Series of Museum Quality Replicas of Frederic Remington's Incomparable Bronzes

The Rattlesnake was completed in 1905, at the height of Remington's enthusiasm for sculpture, and was in his own opinion his most successful bronze, his most fluent, dynamic and graceful rendering of the horse in motion.

A MOMENT OF HIGH DRAMA — CAPTURED FOREVER IN BRONZE

This remarkable bronze has all the impact of modern stop-action, high speed photography. The mustang and its rider are caught in a moment of terror, the horse rearing in instinctive reaction to the rattler, his rider responding instantly to the sudden, violent movement of his mustang, grasping his hat and gripping his saddle.

Like our three previous bronzes in the series — *The Bronco Buster, The Outlaw* and *The Cheyenne — The Rattlesnake* is faithful to the Remington original in every detail.

THE REPLICA IS THREE-FOURTHS THE SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL — APPROXIMATELY 17½ INCHES HIGH WITH WALNUT BASE

The Rattlesnake, in an edition of 1,000, is scaled to three-fourths the size of the original, foundry marked and dated to avoid its ever being mistaken for one of Remington's originals.

Modeled from number 17 of the approximately 100 casts of this bronze that Remington made during his lifetime, *The Rattlesnake* was originally cast at the Roman Bronze Works by the lost wax process, which is the identical process used in creating our limited edition.

THE QUALITY OF THIS REPLICA EDITION IS GUARANTEED

The model for the edition has been approved by the trustees of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center. As each bronze is cast it is carefully inspected by our own experts at Museum Collections Inc. to assure that it meets our exacting standards of quality.

A REMARKABLE VALUE IN TODAY'S INFLATED ART MARKET

At a time when bronzes of lesser quality are selling in prices in the thousands, this edition is offered to collectors at $1875. We urge you to act promptly to reserve your bronze now — there is a waiting list for each of the three limited edition Remington bronzes that have been issued, and it is expected that the demand for this fine replica will also exceed the number of bronzes available.

Each bronze is accompanied by a Certificate of Ownership signed by the director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, and your purchase is registered permanently in your name in the archives of the Center.

GUARANTEED REPURCHASE AGREEMENT

Museum Collections Inc. unconditionally guarantees to repurchase your bronze at the issue price of $1875 any time within one year of your purchase.

TO ORDER, CALL TOLL FREE

800-243-4492, or write Elizabeth Krieger, Director, Museum Collections Inc., Dept. C41, 140 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830 for illustrated brochure.

Issue price, $1875. You may reserve the next available numbered bronze by sending us your check now. Major credit cards honored. A five-month payment plan may be arranged. We urge you to take prompt action.

museum collections INC
A TIME INC COMPANY

19TH HOLE *continued*

are much greater than the inertial forces of the fluid in which the body travels. Quantitatively this means that the Reynolds number (a characteristic of the speed of the body and of the fluid in which it travels) must be much less than 1. However, the Reynolds number for a baseball traveling through the air at 90 mph is over 200,000, clearly not less than 1, hence well out of the range of validity for the above equation. So come on, SI. You figure out how to throw 'em, and let us figure out why they do like they do.

JOE MYERS
Aeronautical Engineering Student
Purdue University
West Lafayette, Ind.

THE HAWK

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed Jim Kaplan's article on Ken Harrelson (TV/RADIO, April 13). We inhabitants of Boston needed someone to set the record straight publicly on the escapades of Red Sox owners Haywood Sullivan and Buddy LeRoux. With today's conforming broadcasters worrying about their jobs, Harrelson's frankness and knowledge of the game are a welcome relief. I'm sick and tired of hearing announcers say, "Well, that call could have gone either way," after an umpire or referee has missed an obvious play. Just hearing Harrelson say, "The umpire sure did blow that one!" does my heart good.

KENNETH STEINFIELD
Needham, Mass.

Sir:

As a diehard Yankee fan, formerly resident in Red Sox country, I've had many a heated discussion with friends concerning the Red Sox-Yankee rivalry. But for one argument I have no rebuttal, Sox games are far more enjoyable to listen to in Boston than Yankee games are in New York, thanks to Ken (Hawk) Harrelson and TV 38. I recall watching *the* playoff game on TV 38, and the Hawk was one of the most gracious Sox fans in frustrated defeat.

Keep shooting straight, Ken. Someday Boston management will listen to somebody who knows how to make the Red Sox better than a perennial runner-up to my beloved Yanks!

STEVE MCGUIGAN
Ocala, Fla.

SYMBOLS

Sir:

Well, well, well—a Special Baseball Issue (April 13) complete with little Stars and Stripes symbols! Nary a Maple Leaf in sight. I guess Montreal and Toronto are used to it. After all, any sport culminating in a "World" Series and played within the confines of North America *is* suspect.

A.J. MACINTYRE
New York City

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020



Feelin' Good!

At Holiday Inn,® we want you to wake up feelin' good.

We know your best days start with a good night's sleep. And that's what our famous "no surprise"℠ standards are all about. Standards for everything from mattresses to temperature controls.

Our mattresses are specified "Manufacturer's Top Of The Line," to make sure you're comfortable. And you'll find individual heating and cooling controls in every room, so you can sleep at the temperature you want.

Holiday Inn standards make sure you're comfortable. They are just some of the reasons we please more travelers than anybody else.

So, next time you travel, let us be #1 in pleasing you.



Holiday Inn

NOW

The Lowest



Box
Less than
0.01 mg tar

Box 100's
0.1 mg tar

Also available:
Soft Pack 85's and 100's



Regular or Menthol

BOX: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.005 mg. nicotine,
BOX 100's: 0.1 mg. "tar", 0.01 mg. nicotine,
SOFT PACK 100's, FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method; SOFT PACK FILTER, MENTHOL:
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette,
FTC Report DEC. 79.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health